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*CHIPPINGE.*¹

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CHAPTER XXXI.

SUNDAY IN BRISTOL.

It was far from Vaughan's humour to play the bully, and before he had even reached his bedroom, which looked to the back, he repented of his vehemence. Between that and the natural turmoil of his feelings he lay long waking; and twice, in a stillness which proclaimed that all was well, he heard the Bristol clocks tell the hour. After all, then, Brereton had been right, and he had been wrong. He, had the command been his, would have adopted more strenuous measures. He would have tried to put fear into the mob before the riot reached its height. And how dire might have been the consequences! How many homes might at this moment be mourning his action, how many innocent persons be suffering pain and misery!

Whereas Brereton, the strong, quiet man, resisting importunity, shunning haste, keeping his head where others wavered, had carried the city through its trouble, with scarce the loss of a single life. Truly he was one whom

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida!

Vaughan thought of him with a new respect, and of himself with a new humility. He was forced to acknowledge that even in that

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field of action which he had quitted, and to which he was now inclined to return, he was not likely to pick up a marshal's bâton.

He slept at length, and long and heavily, awaking towards ten o'clock with aching limbs and a cheek so sore that in a twinkling it brought all back to him. He found his hot water at his door, and he dressed slowly and despondently, feeling the reaction and thinking of Mary, and of that sunny morning, six months back, when he had looked into Broad Street from a window of this same house, and dreamed of a modest bonnet and a sweet blushing face. An hour after that, he remembered, he had happened on the Honourable—oh, d—— Flixton! All his troubles had started from that unlucky meeting with him.

He found his breakfast laid in the next room, the coffee and bacon in a Japan cat by the fire. He ate and drank in an atmosphere of gloomy retrospect. If he had never met Flixton! If he had not gone to that unlucky dinner at Chippinge! If he had spoken to her in Bond Street! If—if—if! The bells of half a dozen churches were ringing, drumming his regrets into him; he stood a while irresolute, looking through the window. The inn-yard, which was all the prospect the window commanded, was empty; an old liver-and-white pointer, scratching itself in a corner, was the only living thing in it. But while he looked, wondering if the dog had been a good dog in its time, two men came running into the yard with every sign of haste and pressure. The leader, who wore a yellow jacket, flung himself against a stable door and vanished within, leaving the door open. The other pounced on a chaise, one of half a dozen ranged under a shed, and by main force dragged it into the open.

The men's actions impressed Vaughan with a vague uneasiness. He listened. Was it fancy, or did he catch the sound of a distant shot? And there seemed to be an odd murmur in the air. He seized his hat, put on his caped coat—for a cold drizzle was falling—and went downstairs.

The hall was empty, but through the doorway he could see a knot of people, standing outside, looking up the street. He made for the threshold, and asked the rearmost of the stagers what it was.

'Eh, what?' the man answered volubly. 'Oh, they're gone! It's true enough! And such a crowd as was never seen, I'm told—stoning them, and shouting "Bloody Blues!" after them.

They're gone right away to Keynsham, and glad to be there with whole bones !'

'But what is it ?' Vaughan asked impatiently. 'What has happened, my man ? Who're gone ?'

The man turned for the first time, and saw who it was. 'You've not heard, sir ?' he exclaimed.

'Not a word.'

'Not that the people have risen, and most part pulled down the Mansion House ? Ay, first thing this morning, sir ! They say old Pinney, the Mayor, got out at the back just in time or he'd have been murdered ! He's had to send away the Blues who killed the lad last night on the Pithay.'

'Impossible !' Vaughan exclaimed, turning red with anger. 'You cannot have heard aright.'

'It's as true as true !' the man replied, rubbing his hands in excitement. 'As for me,' he continued, 'I was always for Reform, and this will teach the Lords a lesson ! They'll know our mind now, and that Wetherell's a liar, begging your pardon, sir. And the old Corporation's not much better. A set of Tories mostly ! If the Welsh Back drinks their cellars dry it won't hurt me, nor Bristol.'

Vaughan was too sharply surprised to rebuke the man. Could the story be true ! And if it were, what was Brereton doing ? He could not have been so foolish as to halve his force in obedience to the people he was sent to check ! But the murmur in the air was a fact, and past the end of the street men were running in anything but a Sunday fashion.

He went back to his room and pocketed his staff. Then he descended again and was on his way out, when a person belonging to the house stopped him.

'Mr. Vaughan,' she said earnestly, 'don't go, sir. You are known after last night and will come to harm. And you can do no good. My father says that nothing can be done until to-morrow.'

'I will take care of myself,' he replied, lightly. But his eyes thanked her. He pushed his way through the gazers at the door, and set off towards Queen's Square.

At every door men and women were standing looking out. In the distance he could hear cheering, which waxed louder and more insistent as, avoiding the narrower lanes, he passed down Clare Street to Broad Quay, from which there was an entrance to the north-west corner of the Square. Alongside the quay, which

was fringed with warehouses and sheds, lay a line of brigs and schooners, the masts of the more distant tapering to vanishing point in the mist which lay upon the water. At the moment, however, Vaughan had no eye for these. His thoughts were with the rioters, and in a twinkling he was within the Square, and seeing what was to be seen.

He judged that there were not more than fifteen hundred persons present, of whom about one half belonged to the lowest class. These were gathered about the Mansion House, some drinking before it, others bearing up liquor from the cellars, while others again were tearing out the woodwork of the casements, or wantonly flinging the last remnants of furniture from the windows. The second moiety of the crowd, less reckless or of higher position, looked on as at a show; or now and again, at the bidding of some active rioter, raised a cheer for Reform, 'The King and Reform! Reform!'

There was nothing dreadful, nothing awe-inspiring in the sight. Yet it was such a sight, for an English city on a Sunday morning, that Vaughan's gorge rose at it. A hundred resolute men might have put the mob to flight. And meantime, on every point of vantage, on Redcliffe Parade, eastward of the Square, on College Green, and Brandon Hill, to the westward of it, thousands stood, looking in silence on the scene, and by their supineness encouraged the work of destruction.

He thought for a moment of pushing to the front and trying what a few reasonable words would effect. But as he advanced, his eye caught a gleam of colour, and in the corner of the Square, most remote from the disorder, he discovered a handful of dragoons, seated motionless in their saddles, watching the proceedings.

The folly of this struck him dumb, and he hurried across the Square to remonstrate. He was about to speak to the sergeant in charge, when Flixton, with a civilian cloak masking his uniform, rode up to the men at a foot-pace. Vaughan turned to him instead.

'Good Heavens, man!' he cried, too hot to mince his words or remember at the moment what there was between him and Flixton, 'What's the Chief doing? What has happened? It is not true that he has sent the Fourteenth away?'

Flixton looked down at him. 'He's sent 'em to Keynsham,' he said sulkily. 'If he hadn't, the crowd would have been out of hand!'

'But what do you call them now?' Vaughan retorted, with angry sarcasm. 'They are destroying a public building in broad daylight! Ain't they sufficiently out of hand?'

Flixton shrugged his shoulders, but did not answer. He was flushed and his manner was surly.

'And your squad here, looking on and doing nothing! They're worse than useless!' Vaughan continued. 'They encourage the beggars! They'd be better in their quarters than here! Better at Keynsham,' he added bitterly.

'So I've told him,' Flixton answered, taking the last words literally. 'And he sent me to see how things are looking. A d—d pleasant way this is of spending a wet Sunday!' On which, having seen, apparently, what he came to see, he turned his horse to go out of the Square by the Broad Quay.

Vaughan walked a few paces beside the horse. 'But, Flixton, press him,' he said urgently, 'press him, man, to act! To do something!'

'That's all very fine,' the Honourable Bob answered churlishly, 'but Brereton's in command. And you don't catch me interfering. I am not going to take the responsibility off his shoulders.'

'But think what may happen to-night!' Vaughan urged. Already he saw that the throng was growing denser and its movements less random. Somewhere in the heart of it a man was speaking. 'Think what may happen after dark, if they are as bad as this in daylight!'

Flixton looked askance at him. 'Ten to one, only what happened last night,' he answered. 'You croaked then, but Brereton was right.'

Vaughan saw that he argued to no purpose. For Flixton, forward and positive in small things and on the surface, was discovered by the emergency; all that now remained of his usual self-assertion was a sense of injury. Vaughan inquired, instead, where he would find Brereton, and as by this time the crowd had clearly outgrown the control of a single man, he contented himself with walking round the Square, and learning, by mingling with the fringe, what manner of spirit moved it.

That spirit, though he heard some ugly threats against Wetherell and the Bishops and the Lords, was rather a reckless and mischievous than a bloodthirsty one. To obtain drink, to destroy this or that gaol, and by-and-by to destroy all gaols seemed to the crowd the first principles of Reform.

Presently a cry of 'To the Bridewell! Come on! To the Bridewell!' was raised, and led by a dozen hobbledehoyes, armed with iron bars plucked from the railings, a body of some hundreds trooped off, helter-skelter, in the direction of the prison of that name.

Vaughan saw that someone must be induced to act; and to him the following hours of that wet, dismal Sunday were a waking nightmare. He hurried hither and thither, from the Guildhall to the Council House, from Brereton's lodgings to the dragoons' quarters, striving to effect something and always failing; seeking some cohesion, some decision, some action, and finding none. Always there had just been a meeting, or was going to be a meeting, or would be a meeting by-and-by. The civil power would not act without the military; and the military did not think itself strong enough to act, but would act if the civil power would do something which the civil power had made up its mind not to do. And meantime the supineness of the mass of the citizens was marvellous. Vaughan seemed to be moving endlessly between lines of men who lounged at their doors, and joked, or waited for the crowd to pass that way. Nothing, it seemed to him, would rouse these men to a sense of the position. It would be a lesson to Wetherell, they said. It would be a lesson to the Peers. It would be a lesson to the Tories. The Bridewell was sacked and fired, the great gaol across the New Cut was firing, the Gloucester gaol in the north of the city was threatened. And still it did not occur to these householders, as they looked down the wet, misty streets, that presently it would be a lesson to them.

But at half-past three, with the dusk on that rainy day scarce an hour off, there was a meeting at the Guildhall. Still no cohesion, no action. On the other hand, much recrimination, many opinions. One was for casting all firearms into the float. Another for arming all, fit or unfit. One was for fetching the Fourteenth back, another for sending the Third to join them at Keynsham. One was for appeasing the people by parading a dummy figure of their own Recorder through the city and burning it on College Green. Another for relying on the Political Union. In vain Vaughan warned them that the mob would proceed to attack private property; in vain he offered, in a few spirited words, to lead the Special Constables to the rescue of the gaol. The meeting, small to begin and always divided, dwindled fast. The handful who were ready to follow him made the support of the military a condition. Every-

body said, 'To-morrow!' To-morrow the *posse comitatus* might be called out; to-morrow the yeomanry, summoned by the man in the yellow jacket, would be here! To-morrow the soldiers might act. And in fine—To-morrow!

There was over the door of the Council House of those days a statue of Justice, which for some reason lacked the sword and the bandage. Vaughan, passing out in disgust from the meeting, pointed to it. 'There is Bristol, gentlemen,' he said bitterly. 'Your authorities have dropped the sword, and until they regain it we are helpless. I have done my best.' And, shrugging his shoulders, he started for Brereton's lodgings to try a last appeal.

He might well think it necessary. For a night which Bristol was long to remember was closing down upon the city. Though it was Sunday, the churches were empty; in few was a second service held. The streets, on the contrary, were full, in spite of the cold; full of noise and turmoil and disorder; of bands of men hastening up and down with reckless cries and flaring lights, at the bidding of leaders as unwitting. In Queen's Square the rioters were drinking themselves drunk as at a fair; while amid the falling rain, through which the last stormy gleams of daylight strove to pass, amid the thickening dusk, those who all day long had jested at their doors began to turn doubtful looks on one another. From three points the smoke of fired prisons rose to the clouds and floated in a dense pall over the city; and men whispered that a hundred, two hundred, five hundred criminals had been set free. On Clifton Downs, on Brandon Hill, on College Green, on Redcliffe the thousand gazers of the morning were doubled and redoubled. But they no longer wore the cynical faces of the morning. On the contrary, there were some who, following with their eyes the network of waterways, laden with inflammable shipping, which pierced the city in every direction—who, tracing these and the sinuous alleys and steep lanes about them, predicted that the morning would find Bristol a heap of ruins. And not a few, taking fright at the last moment, removed their families to Clifton, and locked up their houses.

Vaughan, as he walked through the dusk, had those waterways, those lanes, those alleys, the congested heart of the old city, in his mind. He doubted, even he, if the hour for action was not past. And he was not surprised when Brereton met his appeal with a flat *non possumus*. But he was surprised by the change which twenty-four hours had wrought in the man. He looked worn and haggard. The shadows under his eyes were deeper, the eyes shone with a

more feverish light. His dress, too, was disordered, and while he was not still for a moment, he repeated what he said over and over again as if to persuade himself of its truth.

Naturally Vaughan laid stress on the damage already done. 'But, I tell you,' Brereton answered angrily, 'we are well clear for that! It's not a tithe of the harm we'd have suffered if I had given way! I've done, thank God, the only thing it was possible to do. A little too much, and if I'd succeeded I'd have been hung—for they're all against me, they're all against me, above and below! And if I'd failed, a thousand lives would have paid the bill! And do you consider,' he continued, striking the table, 'what a massacre in this crowded place would be? Think of the shipyards, the dockyards, the quays! The water-pits and the sunk alleys! How could I clear them with ninety swords? How could I clear them? With ninety swords? I tell you they never meant me to clear them!'

'But why not clear the wider streets, sir?' Vaughan persisted, 'and keep a grip on those?'

'No! I say, no!'

'Yet even now, if you were to move your full force to Queen's Square, sir, you might clear it. And driven from their headquarters, and taught that they were not going to have their own way, the more prudent would fall off and go home.'

'I know,' Brereton answered. 'I know the argument. But who's to thank for the whole trouble? Your Blues, who went beyond their orders last night. The Fourteenth, sir! The Fourteenth! But I'll have no more of it. Flixton is of my opinion, too.'

'Flixton is an ass!' Vaughan cried incautiously.

'And you think me one too!' Brereton retorted, with so strange a look that for the first time Vaughan was sure that his mind was off its balance. 'Well, think what you like! Think what you like! But I'll trouble you not to take that tone here.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE AFFRAY AT THE PALACE.

A LITTLE before the hour at which Vaughan interviewed Brereton, Sir Robert Vermuyden, the arrival of whose travelling carriage at the White Lion about the middle of the afternoon had caused some excitement, walked back to his inn. He was followed by

Thomas, the servant who had attended Mary to Bristol, and by another servant. As he passed through the streets the signs of the times were not lost upon him ; far from it. But the pride of caste was strong in him, and he hid his anxiety.

On the threshold of the inn he turned to the servants. 'Are you sure,' he asked for the fourth time, 'that that was the house at which you left her ?'

'Certain sure, Sir Robert,' Thomas answered earnestly.

'And sure—but, ah !' The baronet broke off abruptly, his tone one of relief. 'Here's Mr. Cooke ! Go now, but be within call. Mr. Cooke'—he stepped, as he spoke, in front of that gentleman, who was about to enter the house—'well met !'

Cooke was hot with haste and ire, but at the unexpected sight of Sir Robert he stood still. 'God bless my soul !' he cried. 'You here, sir ?'

'Yes. And you know Bristol well. You can help me.'

'I wish I could help myself !' Cooke cried, forgetting his manners in his excitement.

'My daughter is in Bristol.'

'Indeed ?' the angry merchant replied. 'Then she could not be in a worse place. That is all I can say !'

'I am inclined to agree with you.'

'This is your Reform !' the other cried.

Sir Robert stared. 'Not my Reform, Mr. Cooke,' he said in a tone of displeasure.

'I beg your pardon, Sir Robert,' Cooke rejoined, speaking more coolly. 'I beg your pardon. But what I have suffered to-day is beyond telling. By G—d, it's my opinion that there's only one man worthy of the name in Bristol ! And that's your cousin, the Radical !'

Sir Robert struck his stick on the pavement. 'Mr. Vaughan ?' he exclaimed. 'He is here, then ? I feared so.'

'You feared ? By G—d, I tell you, he's the only man, to be called a man, who is here ! If it had not been for him and the way he handled the constables last night we should have been burnt out then, instead of to-night ! I don't know that the gain's much, but for what it's worth we have him to thank !'

Sir Robert frowned. 'Indeed !' he said. 'I am surprised to hear it. He behaved well ?'

'D—d well ! D—d well ! If there had been half a dozen like him we'd be out of the wood !'

'Where is he staying?' Sir Robert asked after a momentary hesitation. 'I've lost my daughter in the confusion, and I think it possible that he may know where she is.'

'He is staying here at the Lion,' Cooke answered. 'But he's been up and down all day trying to put heart into poltroons.' And he ran over the chief events of the last few hours.

He punctuated the story with oaths and bitter complaints, and perhaps it was for this reason that Sir Robert broke away as soon as he had heard the main facts. The baronet went through the hall to the bar, where the landlord, who knew him, came forward and greeted him respectfully. But to Sir Robert's inquiry as to Mr. Vaughan's whereabouts he shook his head.

'I wish he was in the house, your honour,' he said in a low voice. 'For he's a marked man in Bristol since last night. I was in the Square myself, and it was wonderful what spirit he put into his men. But the scum and the riffraff who are uppermost to-day say he handled them cruelly, and my daughter tried to persuade him from showing himself. But he would go, sir.'

Sir Robert reflected with a gloomy face. 'Where are Mr. Flixton's quarters?' he asked at last. He might possibly learn something from him.

The man told him, and Sir Robert summoned his servants and went out. It was dark by this time, but a faint glare shone overhead and there was a murmur in the air, as if, in the gloom beneath, the heart of the city was palpitating, in dread of it knew not what. Sir Robert had not far to go. He had barely passed into College Green when he met Flixton under a lamp. And two minutes later Vaughan, on his way from Brereton's lodgings in Unity Street, came plump upon the two. He might have gone by in ignorance, but as he passed, the taller man looked up, and Vaughan with a shock of surprise recognised Sir Robert Vermuyden.

Flixton caught sight of Vaughan at the same moment, and 'Here's your man, Sir Robert,' he cried with a little malice in his tone. 'Here, Vaughan,' he continued, 'here is Sir Robert Vermuyden! He's looking for you. He wants to know—'

Sir Robert stopped him. 'I will speak for myself, Mr. Flixton, if you please,' he said with the dignity which seldom deserted him. 'Mr. Vaughan,' he continued, with a piercing glance, 'where is my daughter?'

Vaughan returned the look with interest. Since the parting in Miss Sibson's parlour, the remembrance of which still set his blood

in a flame, Sir Robert and he had not met. Now, in the wet gloom of College Green, under a rare gaslamp, with turmoil about them, and the murmur of fresh trouble drawing near through the streets, Sir Robert asked him for his daughter! He could have laughed. As it was, 'I know nothing, sir, of your daughter,' he replied.

'But,' Sir Robert retorted, 'you travelled with her from London!'

'How do you know that I did?'

'The servants, sir, told me that you did.'

'Then they must also have told you,' Vaughan rejoined, 'that I did not take the liberty of speaking to Miss Vermuyden, and that I left the coach at Chippenham. That being so, I can only refer you,' he continued coldly, raising his hat and preparing to move on, 'to Mr. Flixton, who went with her the rest of the way to Bristol.'

He turned away. But he had not taken two paces before Sir Robert touched his shoulder. 'Wait, sir,' he said; 'wait, if you please. You do not escape me so easily. You will attend to me one moment. Mr. Flixton accompanied Miss Vermuyden, as did her man and maid, to Miss Sibson's house. She gave that address to Lady Worcester, in whose care she was; and I sought her there this afternoon. But she is not there,' Sir Robert continued, striving to read Vaughan's face. 'She is not there. The house is empty. So is the house on either side. I can make no one hear.'

'And you come to me for news of her?' Vaughan asked in the tone he had used throughout. He was very sore.

'I do.'

'You do not think that I am the last person of whom you should ask tidings of your daughter?'

'She came here,' Sir Robert answered sternly, 'to see Lady Sybil.'

Vaughan stared. The answer seemed to be irrelevant. Then he understood. 'Oh,' he said, 'I see. You are still under the impression that your wife and I are in a conspiracy to delude you? You think that your daughter is in the plot? And that she gave the schoolmistress's address to deceive you?'

'No!' Sir Robert cried. But, after all, that was what he did think. Had he not told himself, more than once, that she was her mother's daughter? Had he not told himself that it could not have been by chance that Vaughan and she met a second time on

the coach ? He knew that she had left London and gone to her mother in defiance of him. And though she had entwined herself about his heart, though she had seemed to him all gentleness, goodness, truth—she was still her mother's daughter ! Nevertheless, he said ' No ! '—and said it angrily.

' Then I do not know what you mean ! ' Vaughan retorted.

' I believe that you can tell me something.'

Vaughan looked at him. ' I have nothing to tell you,' he said, stubbornly.

' You mean, sir, that you will tell me nothing ! '

' That, if you like.'

For nearly half a century the old man had found few to oppose him, and now by good luck he had not time to reply. A man running out of the darkness in the direction of Unity Street—the place was full of moving groups, of alarms and confusion—caught sight of Vaughan's face, checked himself and addressed him.

' Mr. Vaughan ! ' he said. ' They are coming ! They are making for the Palace ! The Bishop must be got away, if he's not gone ! I am going for the Colonel ! The Mayor is following with all he can get together. If you will give warning at the Palace, there will be time for his lordship to escape.'

' Right ! ' Vaughan cried, glad to leave his company. And he started without the loss of a moment. Even so, he had not gone twenty paces down the Green before the head of the mob entered it from St. Augustine's, and passed, with hoarse shouts, along the south side, towards the ancient Archway which led to the Lower Green. It was a question whether he or they reached the Archway first ; but he won the race by a score of yards.

The view from the Lower Green, which embraced the burning gaol, as well as all Queen's Square and the Floating Basin, had drawn together a number of gazers. These impeded Vaughan's progress, but he got through them at last, and as the mob burst into the Lower Green he entered the paved passage leading to the Precincts, hurried along it, turned the dark elbow near the inner end, and halted before the high gates which shut off the Cloisters. The Palace door was in the innermost or south-east corner of the Cloisters.

It was very dark at the end of the passage ; and fortunately. For the gates were fast closed, and before he could, groping, find the knocker, the rabble had entered the passage behind

him and cut off his retreat. The high wall which rose on either side made escape impossible. Nor was this all. As he awoke to the trap in which he had placed himself, a voice at his elbow muttered, 'My God, we shall be murdered!' And he learned that Sir Robert had followed him.

He had no time to remonstrate, nor thought of remonstrance. 'Stand flat against the wall!' he muttered, his fingers closing upon the staff in his pocket. 'It is our only chance!'

He had barely spoken before the leaders of the mob swept round the elbow. They had one light, a flare borne above them, which shone on their tarpaulins and white smocks, and on the huge ship-hammers they carried. There was a single moment of great peril, and instinctively Vaughan stepped before the older man. He could not have made a happier movement, for it seemed to the crowd who caught a glimpse of the two, as if he advanced against the gates along with their leaders.

The peril indeed, or the worst of it, was over the moment they fell into the ranks. 'Hammers to the front!' was the cry. And Sir Robert and Vaughan were thrust back into the second line, that those who wielded the hammers might have room. Vaughan tipped his hat over his face, and the ruffians who pressed upon the two and jostled them, and whose cries of 'Burn him out! Burn the old devil out!' were dictated by greed rather than hate, were too full of the work to regard their neighbours closely. In three or four minutes—long minutes they seemed to the two enclosed in that unsavoury company—the bars gave way, the gates were thrown open, and Vaughan and Sir Robert, hardly keeping their feet in the rush, were borne into the Cloisters.

The rabble, with cries of triumph, raced across the dark court to the Palace door and began to use their hammers on that. Vaughan hoped that the Bishop had had warning—in truth he had escaped some hours earlier. At any rate he saw that he and his companion could do no more, and under cover of the darkness they retreated to the porch of a smaller house which opened on the Cloisters. Here they were safe for the time; and, his heart opened and his tongue loosed by the danger through which they had passed, he turned to his companion and remonstrated with him.

'Sir Robert,' he said, 'this is no place for a man of your years.'

'England will soon be no place for any man of my years,' the Baronet answered bitterly. 'I would your leaders, sir, were here

to see their work! I would Lord Grey were here to see how well his friends carry out his hints!’

‘I doubt if he would be more pleased than you or I!’ Vaughan answered. ‘In the meantime—’

‘The soldiers! Have a care!’

The alarm came from the gate by which they had entered, and Vaughan broke off with an exclamation of joy. ‘We have them now!’ he said. ‘And red-handed! Brereton has only to close the passage, and he must take them all!’

But the rioters took that view also, and the alarm. And they streamed out panic-stricken. When the soldiers rode in, Brereton at their head, not more than twenty or thirty remained in the Precincts. And on that followed the most remarkable of all the scenes that disgraced Bristol that night; the scene which beyond others convinced many of the complicity of the troops, if not of the Government, in the outrage.

Not a man could leave the Palace except with the troops’ goodwill, yet they let the rascals pass. In vain a handful of constables, who had arrived on the heels of the military, exerted themselves to seize such as passed with plunder in their hands. The soldiers discouraged the attempt, and even beat back the constables. ‘Let them go! Let them go!’ was the cry. And the nimbleness of the scamps in escaping was greeted with laughter.

Vaughan and the companion whom fate had so strangely joined saw these things with indignation. But Vaughan had made up his mind that he would not approach Brereton again; and he controlled himself until a blackguard bolting from the Palace with his arms full of spoil was seized, close to him, by an elderly man, who seemed to be one of the Bishop’s servants. The two wrestled fiercely, the servant calling for help, the soldiers looking on and laughing. A moment and the two fell to the ground, the servant undermost. He uttered a cry of pain.

That was too much for Vaughan. He sprang forward, dragged the ruffian from his prey, and drew his staff. He was about to strike his prisoner—for the man continued to struggle desperately—when a voice above them shouted ‘Put that up! Put that up!’ And a trooper urged his horse almost on the top of them, at the same time threatening him with his naked sword.

Vaughan lost his temper at that. ‘You blackguard!’ he cried. ‘Stand back. The man is my prisoner!’

For answer the soldier struck at him. Fortunately the blade was turned by his hat and only the flat alighted on his head. But the man, drunk or reckless, repeated the blow, and this time would have cut him down if Sir Robert, with a quickness beyond his years, had not turned aside the stroke with his walking-cane. At the same time, in a tone of command, 'Are you mad?' he shouted. 'Where is your Colonel?'

The tone, rather than the words, sobered the trooper. He swore sulkily, reined in his horse, and moved back to his fellows. Sir Robert turned to Vaughan, who, dazed by the blow, was leaning against the porch of the house. 'I hope you are not wounded?' he said.

'It's thanks to you, sir, he's not killed!' the man whom Vaughan had rescued answered; and he hung about him solicitously. 'He'd have cut him to the chin! Ay, to the chin he would!' with quavering gusto.

Vaughan was regaining his coolness. He tried to smile. 'I hardly saw what happened,' he said. 'I am only sure I am not hurt. Just—a rap on the head!'

'I am glad that it is no worse,' Sir Robert said gravely. 'Very glad!' Now it was over he had to bite his lower lip to repress its trembling.

'You feel better, sir, now?' the servant asked, addressing Vaughan.

'Yes, yes,' Vaughan said. But after that he was silent. And Sir Robert was silent too. The soldiers were withdrawing; the constables, outraged and indignant, were following them, declaring aloud that they were betrayed. And for certain the walls of the Cathedral had looked down on few stranger scenes, even in those troubled days when the crosslets of the Berkeleys first shone from their casements.

Vaughan thought of the thing which had happened; and what was he to say? The position was turned upside down. The obligation was on the wrong person; the boot was on the wrong foot. If he, the young, the strong, and the injured, had saved Sir Robert, that had been well enough. But this! It required some magnanimity to take it gracefully, to bear it with dignity.

'I owe you thanks,' he said at last, but awkwardly and with constraint.

'The blackguard!' Sir Robert cried.

'You saved me, sir, from very serious injury.'

'It was as much threat as blow!' Sir Robert rejoined.

'I don't think so,' Vaughan returned. And then he was silent, finding it hard to say more. But after a pause, 'I can only make you one return,' he said with an effort. 'Perhaps you will believe me when I say that upon my honour I do not know where your daughter is. I have neither spoken to her nor communicated with her since I saw her in Queen's Square in May. And I know nothing of Lady Sybil.'

'I am obliged to you,' Sir Robert said.

'If you believe me,' Vaughan said. 'Not otherwise!'

'I do believe you, Mr. Vaughan.' And Sir Robert said it as if he meant it.

'Then that is something gained,' Vaughan answered, 'besides the soundness of my head.' Try as he might he felt the position irksome, and was glad to seek refuge in flippancy.

Sir Robert removed his hat, and stood in perplexity. 'But where can she be?' he asked. 'If you know nothing of her.'

Vaughan paused before he answered. Then 'I think I should look for her in Queen's Square,' he suggested. 'In that neighbourhood neither life nor property will be safe until Bristol comes to its senses. She should be removed if she be there.'

'I will take your advice and try the house again,' Sir Robert rejoined. 'I think you are right, and I am much obliged to you.'

He put his hat on his head, but removed it to salute the other. 'Thank you,' he repeated, 'I am much obliged to you.' And he departed across the court.

Half-way to the entrance, he paused, and fingered his chin. He went on again; again he paused. He took a step or two, turned, hesitated. At last he came slowly back.

'Perhaps you will go with me?' he asked.

'You are very good,' Vaughan answered, his voice shaking a little. Was it possible that Sir Robert meant more than he said? It did seem possible.

But after all they did not go out that way. For, as they approached the broken gates, shouts of 'Reform!' and 'Down with the Lords!' warned them that the rioters were returning. And the Bishop's servant, approaching them again, insisted on taking them through the Palace, and by way of the garden and a low wall conducted them into Trinity Street. Here they were close to the Drawbridge which crossed the water to the foot of Clare Street; and they passed over it, one of them walking with a lighter

heart, notwithstanding Mary's possible danger, than he had borne for weeks. Soon they were in Queen's Square, and, avoiding as far as possible the notice of the mob, were knocking doggedly at Miss Sibson's door. By that time the Palace, high above them on College Green, had burst into flames, and, a sign to all the country side, had flung the red banner of Reform to the night.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIRE !

SIR ROBERT and his companion might have knocked longer and more loudly, and still to no purpose. For the schoolmistress, prepared to witness a certain amount of disorder on the Saturday, had been taken aback by the sight which met her eyes when she rose on Sunday morning. And long before noon she had sent her servants to their friends, locked up her house, and gone next door, to dispel by her cheerful face and her comfortable common sense the fears which she knew would prevail there. The sick lady was not in a state to withstand alarm, Mary was a young girl and timid, and neither the landlady nor Lady Sybil's maid were persons of strong mind. Miss Sibson felt that here was an excellent occasion for the display of that sturdy indifference with which firm nerves and a long experience of Bristol elections had endowed her.

'La, my dear,' was her first remark, 'it's all noise and nonsense ! They look very fierce, but there's not a man of them all, that if I took him soundly by the ear and said, " John Thomas Gaisford, I know you well and your wife ! You live in the Pithay, and if you don't go straight home this minute I'll tell her of your goings on !"—there's not one of them, my dear,' with a jolly laugh, ' wouldn't sneak off with his tail between his legs ! Hurt us, my lady ? I'd like to see them doing it. Still, it will be no harm if we lock the door downstairs, and answer no knocks. We shall be cosy upstairs, and see all that's to be seen besides !'

These were Miss Sibson's opinions, a little after noon on the Sunday. Nor when the day began to draw in, without abating the turmoil, did she recant them aloud. But when the servant, who found amusement in listening at the locked door to the talk of those who passed, came open-eyed to announce that the people had fired the Bridewell, and were attacking the gaol,

Miss Sibson did rub her nose reflectively. And privately she began to wonder whether the prophecies of evil, which both parties had sown broadcast, were to be fulfilled.

'It's that nasty Brougham!' she said. 'Alderman Daniel told me that he was stirring up the devil; and we're going to get the dust. But la, bless your ladyship,' she continued comfortably, 'I know the Bristol lads, and they'll not hurt us. Just a gaol or two, for the sake of the frolic. My dear, your mother'll have her tea, and will feel the better for it. And we'll draw the curtains and light the lamps and take no heed. May be there'll be bones broken, but they'll not be ours!'

Lady Sybil, with her face turned away, muttered something about Paris.

'Well, your ladyship knows Paris and I don't,' the school-mistress replied respectfully. 'I can fancy anything there. But you may depend upon it, my lady, England is different. I know old Alderman Daniel calls Lord John Russell 'Lord John Robespierre,' and says he's worse than a Jacobin. But I'll never believe he'd cut the King's head off! Never! And don't you believe it, either, my lady. No, English are English! There's none like them, and never will be. All the same,' she concluded. 'I shall set "Honour the King!" for a copy when the young ladies come back.'

Her views might not have convinced by themselves. But taken with tea and buttered toast, a good fire and a singing kettle, they availed. Lady Sybil was a shade easier that afternoon; and, naturally of a high courage, found a certain alleviation in the exciting doings under her windows. She was gracious to Miss Sibson, whose outpourings she received with languid amusement; and when Mary was not looking, she followed her daughter's movements with mournful eyes. Uncertain as the wind, she was this evening in her best mood; as patient as she could be fractious, and as gentle as she was sometimes violent. She scouted the notion of danger with all Miss Sibson's decision; and after tea she insisted that the lights should be shaded, and her couch be wheeled to the window, in order that, propped high with pillows, she might amuse herself with the hurly-burly in the Square below.

'To be sure,' Miss Sibson commented, 'it will do no good to anyone, this; and many a poor chap will suffer for it by-and-by. That's the worst of these Broughams and Besoms, my lady. It's the low down that swallow the dust. It's very fine to cry "King

and Reform!" and drink the Corporation wine! But it will be "Between our sovereign lord the King and the prisoner at the bar!" one of these days! And their throats will be dry enough then!"

'Poor misguided people!' Mary murmured.

'They've all learned the Church Catechism,' the schoolmistress replied shrewdly. 'Or they should have; it's lucky for them—ay, you may shout, my lads—that there's many a slip between the neck and the rope—Lord ha' mercy!'

The last words fitted the context well enough; but they fell so abruptly from her lips that Mary, who was bending over her mother, looked up in alarm. 'What is it?' she asked.

'Only,' Miss Sibson answered with composure, 'what I ought to have said long ago, that nothing can be worse for her ladyship than the cold air that comes in at the cracks of this window!'

'It's not that,' Lady Sybil replied, smiling. 'They have set fire to the Mansion House, Mary. You can see the flames in the room on the farther side of the door.'

Mary uttered an exclamation of horror, and they all looked out. The Mansion House was the most distant house on the north, or left-hand side of the Square, viewed from the window at which they stood; the house next Miss Sibson's being about the middle of the west side. Nearer them, on the same side as the Mansion House, stood another public building—the Custom House. And nearer again, being the most northerly house on their own side of the Square, stood a third—the Excise Office.

They had thus a fair, though a side view, of the front of the Mansion House, and were able to watch, with what calmness they might, the flames shoot from one window after another; until, presently, meeting in a waving veil of fire, they hid—save when the wind blew them aside—all the upper part of the house from their eyes.

A great fire in the night, the savage, uncontrollable revolt of man's tamed servant—is at all times a terrible sight. Nor on this occasion was it only the horror of the flames, roaring and crackling and pouring forth a million of sparks, which chained their eyes. For as these rose, they shed an intense light, not only on the heights of Redcliffe, visible above the east side of the Square, and on the stately tower which rose from them, but on the multitude below; on the hurrying forms that, monkey-like, played before the flames and seemed to feed them, and on a still stranger sight, the

expanse of up-turned faces that, in the rear of the active rioters, extended to the farthest limit of the Square.

For it was the quiescence, it was the inertness of the gazing crowd which most appalled the spectators at the window. To see that great house burn and to see no man stretch forth a hand to quench it, this terrified. 'Oh, but it is frightful! It is horrible!' Mary exclaimed.

'I should like to knock their heads together!' Miss Sibson cried sternly. 'What are the soldiers doing? What is anyone doing?'

'They have hounded on the dogs,' Lady Sibyl said slowly—she alone seemed to view the sight with a dispassionate eye, 'and they are biting instead of barking! That is all.'

'Dogs?' Miss Sibson echoed.

'Ay, the dogs of Reform!' Lady Sybil replied cynically. 'Brougham's dogs! Grey's dogs! Russell's dogs! I could wish Sir Robert were here, it would so please him to see his words fulfilled!' And then, as in surprise at the thing she had said, 'I wonder when I wished to please him before?' she muttered.

'Oh, but it is frightful!' Mary repeated, unable to remove her eyes from the flames.

It was frightful; even while they were all sane people in the room, and, whatever their fears, restrained them. What then was it a moment later, when the woman of the house burst in upon them, with a maid in wild hysterics clinging to her, and another on the threshold screaming 'Fire! Fire!'

'It's all on fire at the back!' the woman panted. 'It's on fire, it's all on fire, my lady, at the back!'

'It's all—what?' Miss Sibson rejoined, in a tone which had been known to quell the pertest of seventeen-year-old rebels. 'It is what, woman? On fire at the back? And if it is, is that a ground for forgetting your manners? Where is your deportment? Fire, indeed! Are you aware whose room this is? For shame! And you, silly,' she continued, addressing herself to the maid, 'be silent, and go outside, as becomes you.'

But the maid, though she retreated to the door, continued to scream, and the woman of the house to wring her hands. 'You had better go and see what it is,' Lady Sybil said, turning to the schoolmistress. For, strange to say, she who a few hours before had groaned if a coal fell on the hearth, and complained if her book slid from the couch, was now quite calm,

'They are afraid of their own shadows,' Miss Sibson cried contemptuously. 'It is the reflection they have seen.' But she went. And as it was but a step to a window overlooking the rear, Mary went with her.

They looked. And for a moment something like panic seized them. The back of the house was not immediately upon the quay, but through an opening in the warehouses which fringed the latter it commanded a view of the water and the masts, and of the sloping ground which rose to College Green. And high above, dyeing the Floating Basin crimson, the Palace showed in a glow of fire; fire which seemed to be on the point of attacking the Cathedral, of which every pinnacle and buttress, with every chimney of the old houses clustered about it, stood out in the hot glare. It was clear that the building had been burning for some time, for the roar of the flames could be heard, and almost the hiss of the water as innumerable sparks floated down to it.

Horror-struck, Mary grasped her companion's arm. And 'Good Heavens!' Miss Sibson muttered. 'The whole city will be burned!

'And we are between the two fires,' Mary faltered. An involuntary shudder might be pardoned her.

'Ay, but far enough from them!' the schoolmistress answered, recovering herself. 'On this side, the water makes us safe.'

'And on the other?'

'La, my dear,' Miss Sibson replied confidently. 'The folks are not going to burn their own houses. They are angry with the Corporation. They hold them all one with Wetherell. And for the Bishop, they've so abused him the last six months that he dare not show his wig in the streets, and it's no wonder the poor ignorants think him fair game. For us, we're just ordinary folk, and they'll no more harm us than fly. But we must go back to your mother.'

They went back, and wisely Miss Sibson made no mystery of the truth; repeating, however, those arguments against giving way to alarm which she had used to Mary. 'The poor dear gentleman has lost his house,' she concluded piously. 'But we should be thankful he has another.'

Lady Sybil took the news with calmness; her eyes indeed seemed brighter, as if she enjoyed the excitement. But the frightened woman at the door refused to be comforted, and underlying the courage of the two who stood by Lady Sybil's couch was a secret uneasiness, which every cheer of the crowd below the windows,

every 'huzza' which rose from the revellers, every wild rush from one part of the Square to another tended to strengthen. In her heart Miss Sibson owned that in all her experience she had known nothing like this; no disorder so flagrant, so unbridled, so daring. She could carry her mind back to the days when the cheek of England had paled at the Massacres of September in Paris. The deeds of '98 in Ireland, she had read morning by morning in the journals. The Three Days of July, with their street fighting, were fresh in all men's minds—it was impossible to ignore their bearing on the present conflagration. And if here was not the dawn of Revolution, if here were not signs of the crash of things, appearances deceived her. But she was not to be dismayed. She believed that even in revolutions a comfortable courage, sound sense, and a good appetite went far. And 'I'd like to hear John Thomas Gaisford talk to me of guillotines!' she thought. 'I'd make his ears burn!'

Meanwhile, Mary was thinking that, whatever the emergency, her mother was too ill to be moved. Miss Sibson might be right, the danger might be remote. But it was barely midnight; and long hours of suspense must be lived through before morning came. Meanwhile there were only women in the house, and, bravely as the girl controlled herself, a cry more reckless than usual, an outburst of cheering more savage, a rush below the windows, drove the blood to her heart. And presently, while she gazed with shrinking eyes on the crowd, now blood-red in the glow of the burning timbers, now lost for a moment in darkness, a groan broke from it, and she saw pale flames appear at the windows of the house next the Mansion House. They shot up rapidly, licking the front of the building.

Miss Sibson saw them at the same moment, and 'The villains!' she exclaimed. 'God grant it be an accident!'

Mary's lips moved, but no sound came from them.

Lady Sybil laughed her shrill laugh. 'The curs are biting bravely!' she said. 'What will Bristol say to this?'

'Show them that they have gone too far!' Miss Sibson answered stoutly. 'The soldiers will act now, and will put them in their places, as they did in Wiltshire in the winter! And high time too!'

But though they watched in tense anxiety for the first sign of action on the part of the troops, for the first movement of the authorities, they gazed in vain. The miscreants, who fed the flames and spread them, were few; and in the Square were thousands

who had property to lose, and friends and interests in jeopardy. If a tithe only of those who looked on, quiescent and despairing, had raised their hands, they could have beaten the rabble from the place. But no man moved. The fear of coming trouble, which had been long in the air, paralysed even the courageous, while the ignorant and the timid believed that they saw a revolution in progress, and that henceforth the mob would rule—and woe betide the man who set himself against it! As it had been in Paris, so it would be here. And so the flames spread, before the eyes of the terrified women at the window, before the eyes of the inert multitude, from the house first attacked to its neighbour, and from that to the next and the next—until the noise of the conflagration, the crash of sinking walls, the crackling of beams were as the roar of falling waters, and the Square in that hideous red light, which every moment deepened, resembled an inferno, in which the devils of hell played pranks, and wherein, most terrible sight of all, thousands who in ordinary times deemed the salvation of property the first of duties, stood with scared eyes, passive and cowed.

It was such a scene—and they were only women, and alone in the house—as the mind cannot imagine and the eye views but once in a generation, nor ever forgets. In quiet Clifton, and on St. Michael's Hill, children were snatched from their midnight slumbers and borne into the open, that they might see the city stretched below them in a pit of flame, with the over-arching fog confining and reflecting the glare. Dundry Tower, five miles from the scene, shone a red portent visible for leagues; and in Chepstow and South Monmouth, beyond the wide estuary of the Severn, the light was such that men could see to read. From all the distant Mendips, and from the Forest of Dean, miners and charcoal-burners gazed southward with scared faces, and told one another that the revolution was begun; while Lansdowne Chase sent riders galloping up the London Road with the news that all the West was up. Long before dawn on the Monday horsemen and yellow chaises were carrying the news through the night to Gloucester, to Southampton, to Salisbury, to Exeter, to every place where scanty companies of foot lay, or yeomanry had their headquarters. And where these passed, alarming the sleeping inns and posthouses, panic sprang up upon their heels, and the travellers on the down night-coaches marvelled at the tales which met them with the daylight.

If the sight viewed from a distance was so terrible as to appal a whole countryside, if, on those who gazed at it from vantage spots of safety, and did not guess at the dreadful details, it left an impression of terror never to be effaced, what was it to the three women who, in the Square itself, watched the onward march of the flames towards them, were blinded by the glare, choked by the smoke, deafened by the roar? Whom distance saved from no feature of the scene played under their windows: who could shun neither the savage cries of the drunken rabble, dancing before the doomed houses, nor the sight, scarce less amazing, of the insensibility which watched the march of the flames and stretched forth not a finger to stay them! Who, chained by Lady Sybil's weakness to the place where they stood, saw house after house go up in flames, until all the side of the Square adjoining their own was a wall of fire; and who then were left to guess the progress, swift or slow, which the element was making towards them! For whom the copper-hued fog above them must have seemed, indeed, the roof of a furnace, from which escape grew moment by moment less likely?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOURS OF DARKNESS.

THE women of the house had fled long before, taking Lady Sybil's maid with them. And dreadful as was the situation of those who remained, appalling as were the fears of two of them, they were able to control themselves; the better because they knew that they had no aid but their own to look to, and that their companion was helpless. Fortunately Lady Sybil, who had watched the earlier phases with the detachment which is one of the marks of extreme weakness, had at a certain point turned faint, and demanded to be removed from the window. She was ignorant, therefore, of the approach of the flames and of the imminence of the peril. She had even, in spite of the uproar, dozed off, after a few minutes of trying irritation, into an uneasy sleep.

Mary and Miss Sibson were thus left free. But for what? Compelled to gaze in suspense on the progress of the flames, driven at times to fancy that they could feel the heat of the fire, assailed more than once by gusts of fear, as one or the other imagined that they were already cut off, they could not have held their

ground but for their unselfishness—but for their possession of those qualities of love and heroism which raise women to the height of occasion, and nerve them to a pitch of endurance of which men are rarely capable. In the schoolmistress, with her powdered nose and her portly figure, and her dull past of samplers and backboards and Mrs. Chapone, there dwelt as sturdy a spirit as in any of the Bristol shipmasters from whom she sprang. She might be fond of a sweetbread, and a glass of port might not come amiss to her. But the heart in her was stout and large, and she had as soon dreamed of forsaking her forlorn companions as those bluff sailormen would have dreamed of striking their flag to a codfish Don, or to a shipload of mutinous slaves.

And Mary? Perchance the gentlest and the mildest are also the bravest, when the stress is real. Or perhaps those who have never known a mother's love cling to the veriest shred and tatter of it, if it fall in their way. Or perhaps—but why try to explain that which all history has proved a hundred times over—that love casts out fear? Mary quailed, deafened by the thunder of the fire, with the walls of the room turning blood-red round her, and the smoke beginning to drift before the window. But she stood; and only once, assailed by every form of fear, did her courage fail her, or sink below the stronger nerve of the elder woman.

That was when Miss Sibson, after watching that latest and most pregnant sign, the eddying of smoke past the window, spoke out. 'I'm going next door,' she cried in Mary's ear. 'There are papers I must save; they are all I have for my old age. The rest may go, but I can't see them burn when five minutes may save them.'

But Mary clung to her desperately. 'Oh!' she cried, 'don't leave me!'

Miss Sibson patted her shoulder. 'I shall come back,' she said. 'I shall come back, my dear. And then we must move your mother—into the Square if no better can be. Do you come down and let me in when I knock three times.'

Lady Sybil was still dozing, with a woollen wrap about her head to deaden the noise; and giving way to the cooler brain Mary went down with the schoolmistress. In the hall the roar of the fire was less, for the only window was shuttered. But the raucous voices of the mob, moving to and fro outside, were more clearly heard.

Miss Sibson remained undaunted. 'Put up the chain the moment I am outside,' she said.

'But are you not afraid?' Mary cried, holding her back.

'Of those scamps?' Miss Sibson replied truculently. 'They had better not touch me!' And she turned the key and slipped out. Nor did she quit the step until Mary had put up the chain and re-locked the door.

Mary waited—oh, many, many minutes it seemed—in the gloom of the hall, pierced here and there by a lurid ray; with half her mind on her mother upstairs, and the other half on the ribald laughter, the drunken oaths and threats and curses which penetrated from the Square. It was plain that Miss Sibson had not gone too soon, for twice or thrice the door was struck by some heavy instrument, and harsh voices called on the inmates to open if they did not wish to be burned. Uncertain how the fire advanced, Mary received these warnings with a sick heart. But she held her ground, until, oh, joy! she heard voices raised in altercation, and among them the schoolmistress's. A hand knocked thrice, she turned the key and let down the chain. The door opened upon her, and on the steps, with her hand on a man's shoulder, appeared Miss Sibson. Behind her and her captive, between them and that background of flame and confusion, stood a group of four or five men—dock labourers, in tarpaulins and frocks, who laughed tipsily.

'This lad will help to carry your mother out,' Miss Sibson said with the utmost coolness. 'Come, my lad, and no nonsense! You don't want to burn a sick lady in her bed!'

'No, I don't, Missis,' the man grumbled sheepishly. 'But I'm none here for that! I'm none here for that, and——'

'You'll do it, all the same,' the schoolmistress replied. 'And I want one more. Here, you,' she continued, addressing a grinning hobbledohoy in a sealskin cap. 'I know your face, and you'll want someone to speak for you at the Assizes. Come in, you two, and the rest must wait until the lady's carried out!'

And thereon, with that strange mixture of humanity and unreasoning fury of which the night left many examples, the men complied. The two whom she had chosen entered, the others suffered her to shut the door in their faces. Only, 'You'll be quick!' one bawled after her. 'She's afire next door!'

That was the warning that went with them upstairs, and it nerved them for the task before them. Over that task it were well to draw a veil. The poor sick woman, roused anew

and abruptly to a sense of her surroundings, to the flickering lights, the smell of smoke, the strange faces, to all the horrors of that scene rarely equalled in our modern England, shrieked aloud. The courage which had before upheld her deserted her. She refused to be moved, refused to believe that they were there to save her; she failed even to recognise her daughter, she resisted their efforts, and whatever Mary could say or do, she added to the peril of the moment all the misery which frantic terror and unavailing shrieks could add. They did not know, while they reasoned with her, and tried to lift her, and strove to cloak her against the outer air, the minute at which the house might be entered; nor even that it was not already entered, already in some part on fire. The girl, though her hands were steady, though she never wavered, though she persisted, was white as paper. And even Miss Sibson was almost unnerved, when nature came to their aid, and with a last frantic protest, a last attempt to thrust them from her, the poor woman swooned; and the men who had looked on, as unhappy as those engaged, lifted the couch and bore her down the stairs. Odd are the windings of chance and fate. These men, in whom every good instinct was awakened by the sight before them, might, had the schoolmistress's eye alighted on others, have plundered on with their fellows; and with the more luckless of those fellows have stood on the scaffold a month later!

Still, time had been lost, and perforce the men descended slowly, so that as they reached the hall the door gave way, and admitted a dozen rascals, who tumbled over one another in their greed. The moment was critical, the inrush of horrid sounds and sights appalling. But Mary rose to the occasion. With a courage which from this time remained with her to the end, she put herself forward.

‘Will you let us pass out?’ she said. ‘My mother is ill. You do not wish to harm her?’

Now Lady Sybil had made Mary put off the Quaker-like costume in which she had wished to nurse her, and she had had no time to cover the light muslin dress she wore. The men saw before them a beautiful creature, white-robed, bare-headed, bare-armed—even the schoolmistress had not snatched up so much as a cloak—a Una with sweet shining eyes, before whom they fell aside abashed.

‘Lord love you, Miss!’ one cried heartily. ‘Take her out! And God bless you!’ while the others grinned fatuously.

So down the steps and into the turmoil of the seething Square,

walled on two sides by fire, and crowded with a drunken, frenzied rabble—for all decent onlookers had fled, awake at last to the result of their quiescence—the strange procession moved, the girl going first. Topsy groups, singing and dancing delirious jigs to the music of falling walls, pillagers hurrying in ruthless haste from house to house, or quarrelling over their spoils, householders striving to save a remnant of their goods from dwellings past saving—all made way for it. Men who swayed on their feet, brandishing their arms and shouting obscene refrains, being touched on the shoulder by others, stared, and gave place with mouths agape. Even boys, whom the madness of that night made worse than men, and unsexed women, shrank at sight of it, and were silent—nay, followed with a strange homage the slender white figure, the shining eyes, the pure sweet face.

In the worst horrors of the French Revolution it is said that the devotion of a daughter stayed the hands which were lifted to slay her father. Even so, on this night in Bristol, amid surroundings less bloody, but almost as appalling, the wildest and the most furious made way for the daughter and the mother.

Led by instinct rather than by calculation, Mary did not pause, or look aside, but moved onward, until she reached the middle of the Square; until some sixty or seventy yards divided her charge from the nearest of the burning houses. The heat was less scorching here, the crowd less compact. A fixed seat afforded shelter on one side, and by it she signed to the bearers to set the couch down. The statue stood not far away on the other side, and secured them against the ugly rushes which were caused from time to time by the fall of a roof or a rain of sparks.

Mary gazed round her in stupor. The whole of the north side of the great Square, and a half of the west side—full thirty lofty houses—were in flames, or were sinking in red-hot ruin. The long wall of fire, the canopy of glowing smoke, the ceaseless roar of the element, the random movements of the forms which, pigmy-like, played between her and the conflagration, the doom which threatened the whole city, held her awe-struck, spell-bound, fascinated.

But even the feelings which she experienced, confronted by that sight, were exceeded by the emotions of one who had seen her advance; of one who, at first with horror, then as he recognised her, with incredulity, had watched the white figure which threaded its way through this rout of satyrs, this orgy of recklessness. She had

not succeeded in wresting her eyes from the spectacle before a hand fell on her arm, and the last voice she expected to hear called her by name.

'Mary!' Sir Robert cried. 'Mary! My God! What are you doing here?' For, taken up with staring at her, he had seen neither who accompanied her nor what they bore.

A sob of relief and joy broke from her, as she flung herself into his arms and clung to him. 'Oh!' she cried. 'Oh!' She could say no more at that moment. But the joy of it! To have at last a man to turn to, a man to lean upon, a man to look to!

And still he could not grasp the position. And 'My God!' he repeated in wonder. 'What, child, what are you doing here?'

But before she could answer him his eyes sank to the level of the couch, which the figures about it shaded from the scorching light. And he started, and stepped back. In a lower voice and a quavering tone he called upon his Maker. He was beginning to understand.

'We had to bring her out,' she sobbed. 'We had to bring her out. The house is on fire. See!' She pointed to the house beside Miss Sibson's, from the upper windows of which smoke was beginning to curl and eddy. Men were pouring from the door below, carrying their booty and jostling others who sought to enter.

'You have been here all day?' he asked, passing his hand over his brow.

'Yes.'

'All day? All day?' he repeated.

'Yes.'

He covered his eyes with his hand, while Mary, recalled by a touch from Miss Sibson, knelt beside her mother, to feel her pulse, to rub her hands, to make sure that life still lingered in the inanimate frame. He had not asked, he did not ask who it was over whom his daughter hung with so tender a solicitude. He did not even look at the cloaked figure. But the sidelong glance which at once sought and shunned, the quivering of his mouth, which his shaking fingers did not avail to hide, the agitation which unnerved a frame erect but feeble, all betrayed his knowledge. And what must have been his thoughts, how poignant his reflections as he considered that there, there, enveloped in those shapeless wraps, there lay the bride whom he had wedded

with hopes so high a score of years before ! The mother of his child, the wife whom he had last seen in the pride of her beauty, the woman from whom he had been parted for sixteen years, and who through all those sixteen years had never been absent from his thoughts for an hour, nor ever been aught in them but an abiding, clinging, embittering memory—she lay there !

What wonder, if the scene about them rolled away and he saw her again in the stately gardens at Stapylton, walking, smiling, talking, flirting, the gayest of the gay, the lightest of the butterflies, the admired of all ? Or if his heart bled at the remembrance—at that remembrance and many another ? Or again, what wonder if his mind went back to long hours of brooding in his sombre library, hours given up to the rehearsal of grave remonstrances, vain reproofs, bitter complaints, all destined to meet with defiance ? And if at this picture of the irrevocable past his head sank lower, his hands trembled more senilely, his breast heaved ?

Of all the abnormal things wrought in Bristol that night, of all the strangely begotten brood of riot and fire, and Reform, none were stranger than this meeting, if meeting that could be called where one was ignorant of the other's presence, and he would not look upon her face. For he would not, perhaps he dared not. He stood with bent head, pondering and absorbed, until an uprush of sparks, more fiery than usual, and the movement of the crowd to avoid them, awoke him from his thoughts. Then his eyes fell on Mary's uncovered head and neck, and he took the cloak from his own shoulders and put it on her, with a touch as if he blessed her. She was kneeling beside the couch at the moment, her head bent to her mother's, her hair mingling with her mother's. But he contrived to close his eyes and would not see his wife's face.

After that he moved to the farther side of the couch, where some sneaking hobbledehoys showed a disposition to break in upon them. And old as he was, and shaken and weary, he stood sentry there, a gaunt stooping figure, for long hours, until the prayed-for day began to break above Redcliffe and to discover the grim relics of the night's work.

(To be concluded.)

BULLS IN THE (WESTMINSTER) CHINA SHOP.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

DURING a prolonged opportunity extending over thirty-two years I have varied the more severe study of Parliamentary life by taking note of those verbal lapses known by the generic term 'bull.' There is something about the atmosphere of the House of Commons that insensibly but irresistibly causes the oratorical foot to stumble. Few men, after whatsoever prolonged acquaintance with the place, overcome a certain feeling threatening paralysis when they find themselves on their legs addressing the Speaker. In his 'Life of Gladstone' Mr. Morley tells how that heaven-born orator, most fluent of men, in his early Parliamentary days always offered up a silent prayer before he rose to address the House. That is not a custom convenient for general adoption. The preceding speaker might have resumed his seat whilst the prayer was in progress, and, if the Speaker's eye was to be caught, the Amen must be abruptly postponed.

Mr. Morley's own maiden speech, by the way, delivered in the Session of 1884, was painful to his friends by reason of the extreme embarrassment of its delivery. They saw the new-comer, sustained by high reputation gained in other fields outside the House, full of well-digested information, with trained intellect and acute mind, struggling piteously with parched tongue, nervously facing an audience in which there were not a dozen men intellectually his equal. The oddest token of nervousness preliminary to addressing the House that has come under my personal observation was betrayed by the late Mr. Whalley, long time member for Peterborough. When he rose to speak he furtively rapped the back of the bench before him with his knuckles.

The progress of the General Election last January supplies pleasing promise of new hands in the bull stockyard. A Liberal candidate in one of the Yorkshire divisions sought to secure the Labour vote by the uncompromising declaration that 'the law relating to Labour combinations must be made watertight, so that no Judge can drive his coach and four through it.' That is at least as good

as the late Mr. Hopwood's appeal to the House in discussion in Committee on the question of compulsory vaccination. 'Don't,' he implored members, 'drive the steam-engine of the law over people's consciences.'

Captain Craig, addressing the Eastdown electors at Lisburne, said, 'The naked sword is drawn for the fight and, gentlemen, never again will the black smoke of Nationalists' tar barrels drift on the Home Rule wind to darken the hearts of Englishmen.' Mr. Shard, the Unionist candidate for Walthamstow, asked what religion he professed, was at pains to give particulars. 'My great grandfather,' he said, 'was baptized in the Church of England, married in the Church of England, and buried in a Church of England graveyard. And so was I.'

An Ulster delegate visiting Scotland in the interests of a Unionist candidate could not conceal his distrust of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Home Rule tendencies. 'Whenever the Prime Minister mentions Home Rule,' he said, 'he puts his foot in it up to the knee.' This recalls a bull of contemporary date trotted out by the Rev. Forbes Phillips, Vicar of Gorleston. Defending the attitude and manner of the episcopal Bench he said, 'Bishops are not really so stiff and starchy as some people make them out to be. There is a good heart beating below their gaiters.'

Whilst candidates for Parliamentary honours did pretty well in the course of the electioneering campaign, old stagers maintained the reputation of the House of Commons. Sir George Bartley, endeavouring to minimise the excessive expenditure of the Unionist Government, assured his old constituents that 'the spirit of the age will have to put its hand in its trousers pocket.' 'We managed by a short head, gentlemen, to dam the flowing tide,' said Mr. Stanley Wilson, making the best of the small Unionist majority that gave him a seat at Holderness.

Sir Robert Purvis, fortuitously knighted in the last weeks of the existence of a Government he had faithfully served—more especially at 9 o'clock in the evening, when it was desirable to postpone approach to public business—takes the cake in respect of this sustained brilliancy of his metaphor. Addressing his old constituents at Peterborough in defence of an Act of Parliament under whose operation some of them had gone to prison for a week, he said, 'That, gentlemen, is the marrow of the Education Act, and it will not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It is founded on a granite foundation, and it speaks in a voice not to be

drowned by sectarian clamour.' We must go to Germany to beat that. In an address to the present Emperor's father a Rheinlander Mayor said, 'No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany. Such were the words the mouth of your imperial Majesty has always had in its eye.'

Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence did not succeed in holding his seat at Truro. Which is a pity, if there were hope of his having up his sleeve (the habit of mixed metaphors is contagious) anything so good as his last utterance in the House of Commons. Towards the end of the final Session of the Balfourian Parliament there happened one of the frequent occasions referred to in the case of Sir Robert Purvis. It was necessary that some faithful Ministerialists should keep on talking till loiterers, dropping in from dinner, avoided the danger of a snap division. Sir Edwin waddled along for a full hour once, lighting up the dreary vapid flood by flashing on his impatient audience the question, 'Is this Government to be put into the melting-pot that we may see who is to take hold of the handle of the ship of State?'

In similarly lofty spirit during debate on an early Eastern question the late Mr. Alderman Cotton, ex-Lord Mayor of London, finally Remembrancer, warned a hushed House that 'the state of negotiation is so critical that it only requires a spark to let slip the dogs of war.'

Mr. William Shaw, the leader of the Nationalists' party in the House of Commons, whom Parnell dispossessed, addressing a meeting gathered on a Sunday to demonstrate against the Land Act, said, 'They tell us we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet if the ox or the ass falls into a pit on a Sunday we may take him out. Our brother is in the pit to-day—the farmer and the landlord are both in it—and we are come here to-day to try if we can lift them out.' Which was the ox and which the ass, Mr. Shaw refrained from particularising.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, 'the eloquent member for Louth,' as Mr. Gladstone once called him, had a story about an Irish barrister he used to tell with keen relish. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' the learned gentleman said, with a tremor of genuine emotion in his voice, 'it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity.' The nearest parallel I know to this is in the written word, where bulls are less frequently found. Criticising

Linan's 'Lyrics,' Professor Johannes Scherr writes, 'Out of the dark region of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of song dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks.'

It was Mr. O'Connor Power, one of the most eloquent of the Irish Nationalists mustered under Parnell's command, who avowed the conclusion that 'since the Government have let the cat out of the bag there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns.'

Mr. Spurgeon was a keen collector of mixed metaphors, finding a rich field in the correspondence that daily overwhelmed him. I made a note of two or three he delightedly communicated to a kindred connoisseur. A lady enclosing a small contribution for his schools wrote, 'I hope this widow's mite may take root and spread its branches until it becomes a Hercules in your hands.' The pulpit prayers of ambitious probationers added something to the great preacher's store. One prayed that 'God's rod and staff may be ours while tossed on the sea of life, so that we may fight the good fight of faith and in the end soar to rest.' 'We thank thee for this spark of grace; water it, Lord,' was the sententious, almost imperious entreaty of another promising young man. Still another prayed, 'Gird up the loins of our minds that we may receive the latter rain.' 'As if we were barrels whose hoops were loose,' was Mr. Spurgeon's laughing comment.

I happened upon rare occasion to be present at a half-yearly meeting of an industrial company. Notice was given by a dissatisfied shareholder of an amendment challenging the policy of the Board. The chairman met the attack in advance, defending the action of himself and his colleagues and hinting that the objector was no better than he should be. A loyal shareholder following said, 'A gentleman has attempted to throw a bombshell at the Board. But the chairman has knocked it into a cocked hat long before it was brought forward.'

It was during inquiry into an alleged case of sending diseased meat to Smithfield Market that a veterinary surgeon testified to many cases coming under his knowledge where 'cattle were slaughtered in order to save their lives.' During the contest at Stroud at the General Election, the Unionist candidate, addressing a packed meeting, said, 'If you give these people [the Liberals] rope enough, they will certainly hang themselves, and after they have done that it will be our turn.' Even this did not win the seat

for him. The latest House of Commons bull I remember was born in the first Session of the new Parliament. The credit of it belongs to Mr. Charles Craig, not the captain already quoted, but another Irish member of the same surname representing South Antrim. The question before the House was the second reading of the Irish Labourers Bill. 'If this Bill passes,' said Mr. Craig, the spirit of prophecy upon him adding solemnity to his voice, 'I see before the Irish labourers a future from which they have been for too many years past kept out.'

Mr. Swift MacNeill's passion for supplementary questions led him in the last Session of the Balfourian Parliament into a delightful quandary. Having addressed to the Attorney-General for Ireland a question duly appearing on the Paper, and receiving what, as usual, he regarded as an evasive reply, he rose and, impartially wagging his forefinger at the Speaker and the Minister, shouted, 'I will now put to the Attorney-General another question, which distinctly arises, Mr. Speaker, out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given.'

After all nothing can beat Sir William Hart-Dyke's lapse into mixed metaphor, an experience the House of Commons delighted in the more by reason of the ex-Vice-President of the Council's habitual gravity of manner. On the penultimate occasion when the right Hon. 'Jemmy' Lowther called attention to the futility of the Sessional Order which prohibits Peers from taking part in Parliamentary elections, he instanced cases where it had been openly flouted. Amongst others he cited that of Lord Halsbury, at the time Lord High Chancellor, who had delivered a speech in favour of a Ministerial candidate on the very eve of the election. This made a considerable impression on the House. If these things were done in the green tree as represented by the head of the law, the fount of justice, what would be done in the dry, whose branches typified titled landlords accustomed to dictate to their tenants? Sir William Hart-Dyke, rising to oppose the motion for repealing the Sessional Order, said he shared the pained surprise created by this disclosure. 'The right hon. gentleman,' he said, turning to regard Jemmy in the familiar corner seat below the gangway now, alas! vacated, 'has certainly gone to the top of the tree and has caught a very large fish.'

The picture here suggested, of Jemmy Lowther, fishing-rod in hand, climbing to the top of a stately oak or ash and there hooking the bulky Lord Chancellor, evoked a prolonged burst of laughter

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that momentarily disconcerted Sir William, obviously unconscious of the joke.

That is hard to beat. But as becomes a literary stylist, historian of the Roman Empire and other classics, Mr. Bryce comes very near it. In the closing days of the first Session of the new Parliament, the House being in Committee on the Irish Vote, the Nationalists in the course of discussion made a dead set against the Irish Local Government Board. 'Oh, yes,' said the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, 'the Irish Local Government Board is a malignant fairy which steps in off its own bat.'

The outburst of sarcasm taking this turn was recognised by a delighted House as, in the circumstances, appropriately *sui generis*.

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SHAKESPEARE.

TWO LECTURES GIVEN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

BY H. C. BEECHING, D.LITT.

I.—THE LIFE.

It is strange to remember, in these days of multiplied biographies, most of them stretching to two volumes, how little curious our ancestors were about the private lives of the men whom they delighted to honour. Shakespeare died in 1616. His first biography was given to the world nearly a century later (1709), by Nicholas Rowe, and of the ten facts which it contains, eight, according to Edmund Malone, who wrote just a century later still, are incorrect. Malone, who was the most learned, and also the sanest, of Shakespearian commentators, was also the first person to take the scientific view of a biography. He begins his account by drawing up a list of all the people in the seventeenth century who might have written Shakespeare's life and failed to take advantage of their opportunity, persons like Dugdale and Fuller, who were content with a perfunctory, half-dozen lines, when all the time Shakespeare's own daughter Judith was alive and waiting to be questioned. She survived until 1662. Then he gives a list of all the persons whom Rowe might have consulted and failed to consult, persons in the second line of tradition, but still trustworthy evidence. And then he passes to what he himself had been able to gather, no longer, alas, from the living voice, but by researches among official papers in Warwickshire and Worcester, the Public Record Office, and other places. I propose on this occasion to ask you to review what facts of any importance have been thus gleaned from the rubbish-heap of time, whether by Malone himself or his indefatigable successor, Halliwell-Phillips, partly for their own interest, as showing what were the outward conditions under which so rare a genius was bred and flourished, but still more for any light they may throw upon the character of our great poet himself.

Let me begin by a word upon his name. It has parallels in Shakelaunce, and Shakeshaft, and one or two more ; and, we may

learn that to *shake* a spear meant simply to 'wield' it from such a passage as this in Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' (ii. 8, 14):

Gold all is not that doth golden seem,
Ne all good knights that shake well spear and shield.

We may take it, then, that Shakespeare's remote ancestor was a warrior, though not of course a knight; for in the thirteenth century, when such surnames first came into use, and for some centuries after, the name of Shakespeare was exceedingly common, so common, indeed, that an Oxford student who had inherited the name before it became famous, changed it to Saunders, *quod vile reputatum*.

The ancestors of William Shakespeare are believed to have been substantial yeomen for some generations, but they come but dimly into the light of records till the poet's father migrated to Stratford from the neighbouring village of Snitterfield, where his father Richard had land, and then at once we learn something about him. He is summoned on April 29, 1552, with two other residents in Henley Street, Adrian Quiney and Humphry Reynolds, 'for making a heap of refuse in the street, against the order of the court,' and is fined 12*d*. Four years later he has gained enough substance to buy two houses (one, the present museum in Henley Street), and then he marries a local heiress, and at once becomes a person of importance in the commonwealth; passing through all the grades of civic office, burgess, constable, affeelor, chamberlain, alderman, at this point becoming *Master Shakespeare*, till, in 1568, he attains the supreme honours of the borough by being elected high-bailiff. The lady he had married was the daughter of a wealthy farmer of Wilmcote, who was the owner of his father's farm at Snitterfield; she bore the pleasant name of Mary Arden, and was (or was said to be) of some kin with those great Warwickshire people—Roman Catholics and Recusants—the Ardens of Park Hall, and she brought her husband, besides ready money, a house and sixty acres of land called Asbies,¹ and some other property at Snitterfield.

After losing two children, John and Mary Shakespeare had a boy born to them at the end of April 1564, whom they christened William, and he, having escaped the plague that year, which

¹ We hear a good deal, by-and-by, about this estate of Asbies. John Shakespeare mortgaged it in 1578 to his brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, and ten years later, when he parted with the Snitterfield property to raise money for its recovery, he was told he must not only repay the loan but clear all other debts; and this he was not able to do. Nine years later, when William Shakespeare had become prosperous, a suit was instituted for its recovery; but there is no record of any decree, and the property did not come back to the Shakespeares.

carried off a sixth of the population of Stratford, *non sine dis animosus infans*, would have been four years old when his father was chief magistrate, and so grew into boyhood as the son of one of the most considerable men in the borough. The question has been much canvassed as to his father's business; and as the discussion about it is characteristic of the process by which the facts of Shakespeare's life have been ascertained, I may be allowed to illustrate that process by this one instance.

Aubrey, the gossiping antiquary, writing in 1680, had mentioned the tradition that Shakespeare's father was a butcher, and that the son, as a boy, exercised his father's trade; adding that 'when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech.' Rowe, in his 'Life,' states that he was informed from oral tradition that John Shakespeare was a woolman, and all sensitive people in the eighteenth century were immensely relieved at finding that Shakespeare's father, and presumably Shakespeare himself, had dealt with the outside rather than the inside of the sheep's carcass. Then Malone set out on his researches and discovered from the Stratford records that John Shakespeare is referred to as a glover, and he pointed a polite finger both at Aubrey and at Rowe. Finally Mr. Halliwell-Phillips comes along, and produces from a Stratford manuscript particulars of two glovers, *who used other trades*; one of them, a certain George Perry, who, 'besides his glover's trade, useth buying and selling of wool.' So we have the woolman and the glover reconciled; and very reasonably, for the gloves most in use at Stratford would have been thick sheepskin gloves. But no instance has been discovered of the same man being both glover and butcher; and as glovers were frequently tanners, and tanners by statute were prohibited from being butchers, it is almost certain that the tradition that Shakespeare's father was a butcher must be discredited, especially as he is officially described as a glover on two occasions thirty years apart. He is sometimes described simply as a yeoman, and we know from the Stratford records that he trafficked in the produce of his farms, selling at one time timber, at another corn, at another wool.

But whatever may have been John Shakespeare's business or businesses, the important fact for us is that, whereas for twenty years and more he succeeded, by-and-by he failed. The late Professor Baynes, who wrote the *Life of Shakespeare* in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' discovered in him the sign of 'a sanguine unheeded temper' in his neglect to remove that heap of refuse in

Henley Street. But such unheedfulness was the rule in Stratford. Six years later John Shakespeare is fined for 'not keeping his gutter clean,' along with four other residents, one of them Master Bailiff himself; and there is good evidence that it was to William Shakespeare's indifference in such matters that he owed the fever from which he died. Mr. Baynes is, perhaps, more plausible in his conjecture that John Shakespeare was of a social and pleasure-loving nature (and so inclined to be lavish of his means), from the fact that it was during his year as bailiff, and presumably by his invitation, that for the first time Stratford was visited by companies of players. I mention these details about the father because it is important for us to realise in what sort of social surroundings the son grew to manhood. To call Shakespeare, as is sometimes done, 'the son of a Warwickshire peasant,' gives no idea of the true facts about his breeding. To begin with, he would never have known, as too many peasants at all times have known, the demoralising pinch of hunger; at his worst straits for money his father was never driven to sell his house property in Stratford; he would never have known either the still more demoralising cringing before his so-called betters, which is so often in the blood of the peasant class, the heirs of the old serfs: for traders, in the provinces as much as in London, were accustomed to hold their heads high, because they managed their own affairs. Then again, although it is probable that neither of Shakespeare's parents could write, it does not follow that they could not read; at any rate, they would see the best society there was in the little market town. And, if we remember that the poet's mother prided herself on being a gentlewoman by family, although brought up as a yeoman's daughter (and no persons are so careful of gentle traditions as those who are a little better born than those among whom their lot is cast), we may guess that Shakespeare's home was not an ill nursery for one who was presently to stand before kings, and—what is of more consequence—was to hold up to the English people the highest ideal of womanhood ever presented to them by any of their great writers.

At seven years old William would have been sent to the Free Grammar School of Stratford—where the curriculum was that of the other schools of the period: Lily's Latin Grammar and a book of Latin dialogues to start with; then the Distichs of Dionysius Cato, and Æsop's Fables; then in the fourth year some easy passages of Cicero, and parts of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' and, not least, the very popular eclogues of a Renaissance scholar, John

Baptist Mantuanus. If he remained longer at school, and was preparing for the University, he would proceed to Virgil, Horace, Terence, or whatever Latin classical writer his master especially affected.

It is perfectly evident from Shakespeare's plays that their writer had gone through this regular Grammar School course. 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' furnishes us with a charming picture of the first form boy being catechised in Lily's *Accidence*; and for an example of the colloquial Latin which the Grammar School taught, it is enough to refer to the conversation of Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' where the schoolmaster interlards his remarks with scrappy sentences out of the phrase book, like *Satis quod sufficit*; *Novi hominem tanquam te*: while the parson, not being in such good practice, and endeavouring to emulate him, trips and falls. Holofernes also quotes the first line from Mantuanus's eclogues: 'Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,' and exclaims: 'Ah, good old Mantuan, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice: Old Mantuan, Old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.'

I need not stay to point out the many references in Shakespeare's plays to the writings of Ovid—but when persons wish to reduce the 'small Latin' that Ben Jonson allowed his friend Shakespeare to nothing at all, it is worth while to remember that the motto from Ovid which Shakespeare prefixed to the 'Venus and Adonis' was from a poem of which at the time there was no published translation in English. It is interesting also to remember that one of the few books which contain what may be a genuine autograph of Shakespeare is an Aldine copy of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' It is in the Bodleian Library, and passed the eye of Mr. Coxe, who was perhaps the most acute detector of forgeries who ever presided over a library. On the other hand (and in view of recent controversies this may be the more important consideration), that Shakespeare's classical knowledge was not that of a first-rate scholar like Ben Jonson or Francis Bacon, anyone may see for himself who will take up the Roman plays; the marvellous success of those plays in reproducing the ancient Roman spirit is due entirely to the vigour of the poet's imagination, working upon the material supplied in Plutarch's *Lives*, which he read in Sir Thomas North's translation. But where North blunders, Shakespeare blunders; he made no attempt to go behind his crib, and he blunders where North does not blunder, through ignorance of Roman constitutional history, confusing the

functions of tribune and prætor.¹ If anyone is tempted to think that it is classical knowledge, and not imagination, that is responsible for the success of Shakespeare's Roman plays, let him turn to Ben Jonson's 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline,' every line, almost, of which is supported by references to authorities, and then consult the verdict of the playgoers of the period; here is one by an Oxford scholar, Leonard Digges:

So have I seene when Cæsar would appeare—
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius—oh how the audience
Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence;
When some new day they would not brooke a line
Of tedious (though well labour'd) Catiline;
Sejanus too was irksome.

Of Shakespeare's education outside the walls of the Stratford Grammar School, everyone's imagination will furnish him with a better account than I can pretend to give. We have only to think of 'As You Like It' or 'A Winter's Tale.' The 'Forest of Ardenne,' in which the Rosalind and Celia of Lodge's story wandered, has become in the play the 'Forest of Arden,' and of this Warwickshire forest Shakespeare knew every glade and alley before he painted his recollection of it in his play. We are also quite sure that he must have enjoyed the humours of many a sheep-shearing festival before he condensed their spirit so perfectly into the country scenes of 'A Winter's Tale.'

We must not forget either that on his holidays the boy would have opportunities of making acquaintance (from the outside) with what (from the inside) he was to come to know as his own profession. Every Corpus Christi at Coventry (only thirteen miles from Stratford) there was performed a cycle of miracle plays, and when Hamlet speaks of 'outdoing Termagant,' and 'out-Heroding Herod,' and when Bottom speaks of acting in a 'Cain-coloured' beard, and Celia calls Orlando's hair 'something browner than Judas's,' we know that the playwright is reminding the audience of what he and they remembered in their young days of the actors in such pageants. But the year 1569, when Shakespeare was only five years old, saw the introduction into Stratford

¹ Plutarch says that a Roman general standing for the consulship used to appear in the Forum with his toga only, without the tunic beneath it, so as to display his scars more readily. Amyot used the phrase 'une robe simple.' North, who translated from Amyot, mistook the sense of 'simple,' and rendered the phrase by 'a poor gown.' Shakespeare paraphrased this into the 'napless vesture of humility.'

of actors of another type, a professional company, the Queen's own players from London, who had come by leave of Mr. Bailiff Shakespeare, and opened their visit by a free performance before the council.

What, one wonders, were the plays which on this first occasion they brought with them? We know that in this very year a small boy at Gloucester, named Willis, of the same age as Shakespeare, had witnessed, as he stood between his father's knees, a morality called the 'Cradle of Security,' which he describes; did the five-year-old Shakespeare in the same way peep through his father's knees at the players; and, if so, what was the play? Was it a morality of the same old-fashioned type—or was it, perhaps, the fire-new drama written by the Master of Trinity Hall, Thomas Preston, then being acted in town, 'The Lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, conteyning the Life of Cambises King of Persia'? Falstaff, at any rate, knew what it meant to 'speak in passion, in King Cambyeses' vein'; or was it again 'The Tragical Comedy of Apius and Virginia,' written by one R. B., parts of which seem to have suggested 'that tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe—very tragical mirth,' which Peter Quince and his fellows presented before the Duke of Athens? Was this the sort of thing young Shakespeare heard?—

(*Enter JUDGE APIUS.*)

The Furies fell of Limbo lake
 My princely days do short;
 All drowned in deadly ways I live,
 That once did joy in sport.
 O Gods above that rule the skies,
 Ye babes that brag in bliss,
 Ye goddesses, ye graces, you,
 What burning brunt is this?
 Bend down your ire, destroy me quick,
 Or else to grant me grace,
 No more but that my burning breast
 Virginia may embrace.

We can imagine the learned Judge continuing in the very words of Pyramus:—

But stay;—O spite!
 But mark;—Poor knight,
 What dreadful dole is here?
 Eyes, do you see?
 How can it be?
 O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,
 What, stain'd with blood ?
 Approach, ye furies fell !
 O fates ! come, come ;
 Cut thread and thrum ;
 Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !

Shakespeare in after days could afford to laugh good-naturedly at Cambyses and Judge Apius, no less than at Termagant and Herod ; but we cannot exaggerate the probable influence on his imagination of his first introduction to the Renaissance drama, whether it came then or a few years later. Here was a new world of thought and passion, brought vividly before his eyes by these players ; one had but to sit still, and the whole cycle of the world's inner history, its joys and sorrows, wrongs and revenges, could pass before his eyes, as in Friar Bacon's magic glass. If youth can still be stage-struck, when the stage is a commonplace of our civilisation, we need not doubt that the visits of these first travelling companies, when acting was a new art, brought to the imaginative soul of the youthful Shakespeare dreams and hopes that by-and-by moulded his life.

Just one thing more about this topic of Shakespeare's education. What did he read at home ? One of those wiseacres who think that Shakespeare's plays were written by James I.'s philosophical Lord Chancellor, Francis Bacon, has pointed out to us that Shakespeare in his will says nothing about his library—a remark that, it may be useful to remember, applies no less to the 'judicious Hooker,' who probably possessed some books all the same. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips takes a gloomy view of the amount of literature to be found within the houses at Stratford. 'Exclusive of Bibles, Church Services, Psalters and Education manuals,' he writes, 'there were certainly not more than two or three dozen books, if so many, in the whole town.' Even so one may hazard a guess that what books there were found their way to Henley Street ; and why should not books have found their way down from London ? We may be sure that Tottell's 'Book of Songs and Sonnets,' first published in 1557, of which eight editions were issued in thirty years, was known in the district ; for did not Master Slender of Gloucestershire possess a copy ? And when Shakespeare was fifteen, his school friend Richard Field, who by and by published the 'Venus and Adonis,' left Stratford and his father's tanyard, to be bound apprentice to a London printer, and Field's

brother and two other Stratford boys were apprenticed to London printers a few years later or earlier,¹ which of itself proves that the art of printing was recognised in the little community of Stratford; and I for one choose to believe that young Richard Field would have sent down to his friend at Stratford any books he could get hold of, and certainly a book which at the end of that same year made a great stir—the ‘Shepherd’s Calendar,’ by Edmund Spenser.

We learn from Rowe, who had the information from Betterton the actor, who is supposed to have gone to Stratford in 1708 to collect intelligence, that ‘the narrowness of his father’s circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced him to withdraw his son from school.’ He does not say when; and he adds that ‘upon his leaving school he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him,’ which is what might be expected in a good son, but does not help us to determine his calling. Aubrey tells us that he exercised his father’s trade, which may have been so, especially as his marriage at eighteen would seem to prove that he was not apprenticed to a very strict master; for apprentices who married before they were out of their articles lost their freedom. There is a further tradition which Aubrey received from Beeston the actor, who would have had it in a direct line, not from gossiping townfolk, but from the poet himself; and I give it in Aubrey’s own words: ‘Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a school-master in the country.’ A youth of proved abilities, with a known taste for letters, might well have been employed as usher at the Grammar School when his father’s business failed.

We must pass now to speak of that very critical event in the life of our poet, his marriage, and his subsequent departure from Stratford. I will give as shortly as possible the ascertained facts. In the Registry of the diocese of Worcester there is a *bond* dated November 28, 1582, for the issue of a licence for the marriage of William Shakespeare and Ann Hathway,² with once asking of the

¹ See Introduction to *Venus and Adonis* Fac-simile by Sidney Lee, p. 39.

² The late Mr. C. J. Elton’s attempt to prove that this Anne was not the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery fills me with amazement. On the one side are the facts (1) that the persons who applied for Anne’s marriage licence also attested Richard’s will, (2) that Richard’s shepherd lent Mrs. Shakespeare money. ‘These,’ says Mr. Elton, ‘are only subsidiary details.’ All he has to urge

banns, such a bond (to indemnify the bishop from any action arising out of the granting of the licence) being the usual way of assuring the authorities that there was no canonical impediment to the marriage and that the necessary consents had been obtained. On the previous day a licence was issued to a William Shakespeare to marry Ann Whately, of Temple Grafton. There seems here, at first sight, the outline of a romance. Imagination conjures up the figure of young William galloping off to Worcester 'post-haste for a licence,' as Mr. Jingle says, to marry one lady, and the friends of another, with whom presumably there was a pre-contract, pursuing him, and binding him down to marry with only one week's grace. But the romance will not bear investigation. The licence and the bond must refer to the same marriage, or else you have a bond without a licence, and a licence without a bond, and that the bond in the one case should be lost and the licence not be entered in the other is exceedingly improbable.¹ Moreover, there is no power even in a bishop's licence to compel a freeborn Englishman to marry against his will; particularly when he is a minor, and an apprentice. The need to obtain a licence at all arose from the fact that only by licence could marriages be solemnised at certain seasons of the year; one such close time extended from Advent to the octave of Epiphany. When therefore a licence was applied for on November 27, three days before Advent, it looks as if something had happened which would make it impossible to wait until January 13; and this might be the fact that Shakespeare had to leave Stratford in haste; and a recent writer on the subject, Mr. J. W. Gray, finds the need for haste in the traditional act of poaching which inflamed against him the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy.

The objection to that theory is that if we send Shakespeare away from Stratford in November 1582, we must bring him back again, because, although his eldest daughter Susanna was born at

on the other side is that in Richard Hathaway's will his daughter is called Agnes, and that 'as early as the thirty-third of Henry VI. it was decided that Anne and Agnes are distinct baptismal names and not convertible.' To which the layman cannot but reply that there would have been no need to decide the point if the names had not been convertible by ordinary custom. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has collected instances (ii. 185). Thus: 'Thomas Greene and Agnes his wife,' in a birth register of 1602, are referred to three years later as 'Thomas Greene and Anne his wife.'

¹ See *Shakespeare's Marriage*, by J. W. Gray. Mr. Gray has been at the pains to go through the Bishop's Registers at Worcester, and has found other cases of blunder between the surname on the licence and that on the bond.

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the end of May following, the twins Hamnet and Judith were not born until February 1585; and if Shakespeare was safe in returning home, it is hard to see why there was need for so precipitate a flight. Of course, we may consider that the threatened storm blew over, that it was a first offence, and Sir Thomas Lucy proved tractable. Another suggestion recently made¹ is that Anne Hathaway's father, whose will was proved in July of this year, having bequeathed his daughter the sum of 6*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* to be paid her *on the day of her marriage*, the prospect of such a marriage portion induced the happy pair to precipitate matters with the consent of the bride's friends as soon as the money was forthcoming. For it is significant that the two sureties to the marriage bond are two farmers of Shottery, Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, one of whom was a witness to Richard Hathaway's will, and the other its 'supervisor.' This, I confess, appears to me to be the only plausible explanation yet offered for the hasty wedding. I do not think that the regularising of the union into which Shakespeare had entered with Anne Hathaway furnishes a sufficient motive for the extreme haste of the proceeding.

That the departure for London, whenever it did occur, was caused by the action of Sir Thomas Lucy, admits of no doubt. We have the tradition of it which Betterton found at Stratford, and we have an earlier reference to the tradition in the account of a Gloucestershire archdeacon of the seventeenth century named Davies, who describes Shakespeare as 'much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him whipt, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement. But his revenge, continues the archdeacon, was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate [he means Shallow], and calls him a great man, and that (in allusion to his name) bore three louses rampant for his arms.'

I need but recall to your recollection the famous scene at the opening of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' where Justice Shallow enters in a great fury of indignation against Falstaff for breaking his park and stealing the deer, thereby abusing in his person a very ancient family whose members for three hundred years had signed themselves 'armigero,' and 'borne the dozen white luces in their coat.' Upon which the kindly Welsh parson Sir Hugh Evans, misunderstanding the kind of luces referred to—for a luce was the

¹ See letter from Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse, in *Times* (supplement), April 21, 1905.

fish—generally called a pike—and also mistaking the nature of the ‘coat’ on which they figured, remarks :

The dozen white louses do become an old coat well.

Now the pun in itself is so poor that it is inconceivable Shakespeare introduced it for its own sake ; and when we know that no other family but that of Sir Thomas Lucy bore this charge of the louse, and they bore it in reference to their name, it is put beyond doubt that Shakespeare intended a personal affront ; while by substituting twelve louses for three, which was the number on the Lucy coat, he kept on the windy side of the Star Chamber. We cannot pretend to judge Shakespeare in this matter, because we do not know the extent of the provocation he had received. Tradition says he was ‘whipt.’ Speaking for myself, I cannot be sorry that his resentment took this shape, because it has supplied me, times without number, with an unanswerable question to put to those persons who tell one that Shakespeare’s plays were written by Bacon : viz. How Bacon, who was a friend and correspondent of Sir Thomas Lucy’s, can be conceived making this unprovoked and very ungentlemanlike jest upon another gentleman’s coat of arms ? Shakespeare at the date of the ‘Merry Wives of Windsor,’ was not yet ‘a gentleman born.’ I need not spend time in endeavouring to show that this boyish escapade among Sir Thomas Lucy’s deer did not permanently ruin Shakespeare’s character. It would ill become my profession to condone any breach of the eighth commandment. But justice to my subject requires me to explain that at this period deer-stealing was looked upon among respectable people with even greater tolerance than smuggling two centuries later. It was not in the least blackguardly, as poaching is to-day. It was a very favourite pastime, for instance, with Oxford undergraduates, who then as now might stand as the pattern of good form. We find it chronicled without special comment along with fencing, dancing, and hunting the hare, among the youthful sports of a certain bishop of Worcester. And there was a proverb of the day, that ‘venison is nothing so sweet as when it is stolen.’ As to the date of the incident we have no information. A probable date seems to be offered about February 1585 when the twins were christened, for Shakespeare had no more children ; and it may be significant that in March of that year Sir Thomas Lucy was in charge of a Bill in the House of Commons for the *preservation of game*. If Shakespeare did not find

employment at a London theatre in 1585, he must have waited till 1587, for in 1586 the theatres were closed on account of the Plague.

Here, then, Shakespeare's youth ends. For seven years after 1585 he disappears from sight, lost in London; when he emerges it is as a leading actor and playwright. How he spent the interval is mere matter of conjecture; but tradition asserts that he joined the theatre in the very lowest rank, that of 'servitor,' and so worked his way up. One tradition says that he began *outside* the theatre by holding the horses of the gallants who rode to the play, before he even worked his way in. However that may be, and the tradition implies the knowledge of a very short-lived practice, that of riding to the play, it was undoubtedly to the long apprenticeship which Shakespeare served, as call-boy, and prompter's assistant, keeping him conversant with the stage in all its arrangements, that Shakespeare owed no small part of the skill which he was by-and-by to display as a dramatist. In the first place, he gained that skill in stage-craft—the arrangement of exits and entrances and so forth—which only experience can give; and which makes such plays as the 'Comedy of Errors,' or such scenes as the forest scene in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' although they are most confusing to read, quite simple and straightforward on the stage. In the second place, he learned how to develop a plot in a thoroughly dramatic fashion, and with the least possible waste of time and energy. It must have struck everybody, for example, how well Shakespeare's plays open; how attention is at once caught and held; and the main action begins without delay. Thirdly, he gained the eye of a stage manager for effective 'business.' Take, for an example, the play of 'Macbeth.' Shakespeare the poet could have given us the wonderful speeches in which he turns the old chronicle into tragedy, but it was the eye of the trained actor and stage manager which gave us the witch scenes, the air-drawn dagger, the blood-stained hands that seemed to pluck at Macbeth's eyes, the knocking at the gate, the sleep-walking—points which still tell upon the audience, as they did when it was first put upon the stage. And not only did these seven years advance Shakespeare in the knowledge of his profession, they advanced him also in general culture. We know that a 'poet is born and not made'; but Ben Jonson reminds us that 'a good poet's made as well as born'; and he is made by study of the world past and present, by men and books. Mr. Sidney Lee has just told us that Shakespeare had read some of the Italian poets of the Renaissance, before he wrote his 'Venus

and Adonis'; and if he was at the pains to master Italian, we may be sure that he read whatever he found worth reading in his own tongue. Of still greater consequence was his commerce in the world of London with men of all sorts and conditions. And so when a certain class of our friends, to whom I have already referred, ask us how we think it possible that a young man from the Midlands on coming up to town could produce, perhaps as his very first play, a piece so free from everything provincial, and so full of character and wit and courtly manners, as 'Love's Labour's Lost,' we may at least reply, without raising the difficult point of genius, that seven years in London at the impressionable age of twenty-one can work great changes in a man's experience of life even to-day.

When we first meet Shakespeare's name as a player—in any formal fashion—it is in a very important document, the accounts of the Queen's Treasurer of the Chamber, and in the best company.

To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage, servants to the Ld. Chamberlain, upon the counceils warrant, dated at Whitehall 15 March 1594, for 2 several comedies or interludes shewed by them before her majesty in Christmas time last past, viz. upon S. Stephens day and Innocents day—£13 6 8 and by way of her majesty's reward £6 13 4 in all £20.

Now see what this means: Kempe was the greatest comedian, and Burbage the greatest tragedian, of his time, and here is Shakespeare standing between them, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy in Sir Joshua Reynolds' celebrated picture, a third with the two heads of his profession. After that indisputable evidence to the rank he held in his company there is hardly need to go in search of other testimony that he was a competent actor; but as it might perhaps be held that Shakespeare's position in the company was due chiefly to the fact that he was its playwright, it may be well to note that, two years before this, Chettle the dramatist refers to Shakespeare in a pamphlet as '*excellent* in the quality he professes,' and Aubrey preserves the opinion of an old actor, William Beeston, who was the son of an apprentice of Augustine Phillips, one of Shakespeare's own friends and colleagues, that he acted '*exceedingly well*,' and contrasts him on that point with Ben Jonson, who, according to the same authority, '*was never a good actor though a good trainer*.' It is noticeable, too, that we find Shakespeare's name standing first on the list of actors who performed Ben Jonson's '*Every Man in his Humour*,' a play which his good nature is said to have saved from refusal by his company. By the side of such testimony we need not attach importance to the exact form of the tradition preserved by Rowe

that 'the *top* of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet,' though he may very well have played the part, as Garrick did after him. The only other stage tradition we have is that he was accustomed to play 'kingly parts.'

If Shakespeare then became an actor and reached the top of his 'quality' after working his way through the stages of call-boy and supernumerary, we know for a certainty that when he became a dramatist, he reached the top of that profession, from beginnings as little dignified. When he came to London the leading dramatists were a set of young men most of them from the universities, who were in act of revolutionising the stage—it would be as true to say, creating it. The eldest was John Lyly, who wrote comedies chiefly in prose; then there was Thomas Kyd—'sporting Kyd,' as Ben Jonson calls him with an ironic play upon his name—who wrote tragedies of a bloodthirsty type, among them a tragedy of 'Hamlet,' which Shakespeare was afterwards to re-write; George Peele, who wrote tragedies, comedies, and historical plays; Robert Greene, who also wrote everything, but notably one very charming comedy of country life with the queer title of 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,' and, above all, there was Christopher Marlowe. Now if we turn to that invaluable document the Diary of Henslowe, the theatre proprietor, for the year 1592, we find in his cash account such entries as the following: ¹

			£	s.	d.	
19 Feb. 1592	Recd. at Friar Bacon		17	3		Greene's play.
20 "	"	Mulomurco (<i>i.e.</i> Muley Mulocco)	29	0		Peele's 'Battle of Alcazar.'
21 "	"	Orlando	16	6		An early play of Greene's.
23 "	"	Spanish Comedy (Don Horatio)	13	6		A fore piece to Kyd's 'Spanish Tragedy.'
26 "	"	Jew of Malta	50	0		Marlowe's play.
29 "	"	Mulamuloco	34	0		
3 March	"	Harry the 6th	3	16	8	

What is the meaning of this sudden rise in the takings at the theatre? An explanation is to be found in a remark of the pamphleteer Thomas Nash, who in a piece called 'Pierce Penniless,' licensed in August of that year, writes:—

How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lain 200 years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.

¹ See W. W. Greg's edition, p. 15.

Now, whoever wrote the original draft of the 'First Part of King Henry VI.' certainly the Talbot scenes were added or re-written by Shakespeare, and it was these scenes that, according to Nash, made the success of the piece. A second and third part of 'Henry VI.,' in the course of the same year, were, in the same way, but to a far greater extent, re-written by this young actor, and their success we can gauge, not this time from a shout of praise, but from a scream of rage sent up by the poor dramatist whose work had thus been worked over. (It has always to be borne in mind in discussing the Elizabethan drama that plays were sold out and out by the dramatists to one or other company of actors; so that it was in the power of the company, and a very usual custom, to have the plays, when they got a little worn by use, freshened, either by the author or by a new hand.) In this autumn of 1592 the dramatist Greene lay a-dying, and from his death-bed he made a solemn address to his fellows, Marlowe, Peele and others, to forsake their vicious courses—they were all notoriously wild—and to live repentant lives before it was too late. And he concludes his appeal with a rather vague sentence, the general sense of which seems to be, that if they find themselves in want, they must not look to the players for help. The players, it must be understood, occupied something of the same position in regard to the dramatist as a modern publisher does to his author. The publisher is more likely to be a capitalist than the author. Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, Burbage, Hemings, Cundell, Shakespeare himself, made fortunes on the stage, while Greene, and Marlowe, and Drayton, and many other dramatists, were put to shifts to make a bare living.

Base-minded men, all three of you [says Greene], if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths; those anticks garnished in our colours. Trust them not, for there is an *upstart crow* beautified with our feathers, that with his 'tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide,' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse [*i.e.* to stuff it out with epithets] as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country.

If we can suppose Sir Charles Wyndham and Mr. Tree taking suddenly to writing plays, and successful plays, or Mr. Murray and Mr. Methuen to writing successful novels, we shall form some idea of the horror that possessed poor Greene's imagination. If players turned playwright, the playwright's occupation was gone;

and if, in addition, we remember the contempt in which the players were held by these poor gentlemen—'puppets through whom *we* speak,' 'anticks garnished in *our* colours,' Jackdaws dressed up in the feathers of more royal birds, we shall realise the consternation that Shakespeare had inspired in this poor, indignant spirit.

We come upon evidence of the same sort of feeling in a university play written somewhat later, where a character, Studioso, complains of the actors that,

With mouthing words that better wits had framed
They purchase lands and now esquires are made,

and in a scene where Kempe and Burbage are represented as looking about in Cambridge for likely recruits for their company—who at need would write a part as well as act one—Kempe is made to say: 'Few of the university pen plaies well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down.' 'Our fellow Shakespeare,' that is, 'our partner.' The late Judge Webb, in a book called 'The Mystery of William Shakespeare,' asserted that no literary man of the day could be 'adduced as attesting the responsibility of the *player* for the works which are associated with his name.' Well, here is such a statement. If I may say a final word about that remarkable heresy: the two arguments that seem to me conclusive that the Shakespearian plays were not written by a gentleman amateur like Francis Bacon are (1) that the plays display, as I have already pointed out, such wonderful constructive skill, and such knowledge of what is effective on the stage—arts, which can only be learned by long habituation to the theatre—and (2) that so many of the Shakespearian plays are old plays re-written, e.g. 'Henry IV.,' 'Henry V.,' 'King John,' 'Richard III.,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Hamlet'; and to re-write an old play is a task no gentleman would have undertaken for his own pleasure, or indeed would have been at liberty to undertake, because the plays were the absolute property of the acting companies.

Shakespeare's growing prosperity is marked in 1596 by an application to Heralds' College for a grant of arms to his father, which, though unsuccessful at the time, succeeded three years later; and in 1597 by the purchase of the Great House at Stratford called 'New Place.' But his relish of these signs of social advancement must have been sadly dashed by the loss in the former

year of his only son, the twelve-year-old Hamnet. Can we at all figure to ourselves Shakespeare's life now that he was rising into fame?

It is difficult to determine how much of the year he spent in Stratford after the purchase of New Place. In 1597 he appears in a list as the third largest owner of corn in his ward, which might suggest that he had already made his home there. On the other hand, there is a curious memorandum made by his cousin, Thomas Greene, dated September 9, 1609, about the delay in repairing a house in Stratford, which he was content to permit 'the rather because I perceyved I might stay another yere at New Place,' which looks as though Shakespeare could not have been in constant residence. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips points out also that the precepts in an action brought by Shakespeare for the recovery of a debt, on August 17, December 21, 1609, and February 15, March 15, and June 7, 1610, were issued to Greene. So that Shakespeare was apparently away from Stratford on those dates, which cover most of the year. Biographers, therefore, have come to the conclusion that it was not until 1611, when he ceased writing for the stage, that Shakespeare came permanently to reside at Stratford. Nevertheless I like to think that his visits there were neither short nor infrequent. I see no reason to assume that when Shakespeare became the recognised playwright of his company, he would have been expected to appear on the boards with the regularity of those members who were actors only. Indeed, it is inconceivable that he should have been expected to produce two plays a year in the intervals left over from the regular practice of an exacting profession. It may be remembered that Hamlet declared that his adaptation of the play which touched the king's conscience ought to get him a share in a theatrical company. And it is a fair inference that Shakespeare's shares depended upon his plays rather than his acting. As to his residence in London, we must bear in mind that during his period upon the stage the theatre was the height of fashion; so that, besides making his fortune, an actor and dramatist of recognised genius would have opportunities of making acquaintance with that section of the fashionable world that cared for art and letters. At that epoch we know that the great nobles were even eager to befriend men of genius. The familiar tone of the dedication of 'Lucrece' to Lord Southampton has often been remarked upon. It lends likelihood to the tradition, handed down by Sir William Davenant, that Southampton at one time

gave the poet a large sum of money 'to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to.' The reference to Essex in one of the choruses of 'King Henry V.,' which is dragged in by the head and ears, would imply that that nobleman, no less than his friend Southampton, had admitted the poet to his friendship; and the obvious meaning of the 'Sonnets' is that an affectionate intimacy had grown up between Shakespeare and some scion of a noble house whose identity cannot now be determined. And then, beside these great people, great in one sense, we know Shakespeare to have been intimate with those who were great in another sense—the men of letters of the day. Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' has celebrated the wit combats at the Mermaid tavern between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, comparing the latter to a 'Spanish great galleon,' solid but slow, the former to an English man-of-war, 'lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing.' Spenser, who was in England, in 1591, records his meeting with Shakespeare in 'Colin Clout's come home again,' and Michael Drayton, a Warwickshire man, we know to have been one of his familiars up to the last. But though tradition links no other literary names than these with Shakespeare's, there can be no doubt that the Mermaid meetings, which owed their beginnings to Sir Walter Raleigh, included all that was distinguished at the time in poetry and the drama.

But while the courtiers were affable in the way that great people always are affable to the men of genius who amuse them, and while Bohemia was friendly, all that was respectable and religious in the city of London was bitterly hostile. All through Elizabeth's reign a battle was waged between the Court and the City as to the toleration of theatres or players at all. If anyone supposes that an actor's profession in Shakespeare's day was respected, because it was profitable, he should read the petition of a gentleman called Henry Clifton to the Queen against the Master of the Children of her Chapel for kidnapping his son Thomas, a boy of thirteen. The choirs of the Chapels Royal were recruited in those days, as the navy long continued to be, by impressment. Any boys with good voices from any other choir were liable to be pressed into the service. But when the stage became popular and the various choirs at St. Paul's, Westminster, and the Chapels Royal added acting to their ecclesiastical employment, then, it seems, boys were impressed for the stage who had no singing voices. This little Tom Clifton was seized upon one morning on his way to Christ's Hospital, and taken to the playhouse at Blackfriars, there,

in his father's words, 'to compell him to exercise the *base* trade of a mercenary interlude player, to his utter loss of time, ruin, and disparagement.' The words *base* and *vile* occur again and again in this interesting document, as epithets of the actor's profession; and, coming from a gentleman, they form an apt commentary on certain passages in the 'Sonnets,' in which Shakespeare contrasts his fortune with that of his young and gentle friend:

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds,
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd.

The bravest of men might be forgiven for wincing now and then when he caught sight of his own trade through the eyes of the public opinion of the day. Whether his fellow-townsmen at Stratford were as contemptuous there is no evidence. It is the fashion to say so, but I hesitate to believe it. The player had made money at any rate, and that the Stratford people were always short of. But it may be guessed they were proud of him, too; and his father had been somebody among them. Of course the rising tide of Puritanism visited Stratford as other places. The vicar there was a noted Puritan, and so was Dr. Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law. The town council in 1602, and again in 1612, prohibited players from acting in the borough, and in 1616 gave the King's own company a gratuity for going away quietly. But I am far from being convinced that the dramatist himself would resent this action of the council. He knew better than they did the scandals that haunted the player's profession, and in the 'Sonnets' he speaks of them with intense feeling. Of course, he was not a Puritan, but he would sympathise with the better side of Puritanism, as he saw it in his own daughter and her husband; and when we find from the Chamberlain's accounts of Stratford that a preacher in 1614 was entertained at New Place 'with a quart of sack and a quart of claret wine,' it is gratuitous to assume with Dr. Brandes that Shakespeare must have been in London at the time.

As to the details of Shakespeare's life at Stratford we have very few facts, but much has been made of them. In the attempt to throw light upon Shakespeare's character much has been made of

his suing his neighbours for small sums. But such litigation, to judge by the records, seems to have been the normal method of carrying on business at Stratford; and, at any rate, as these suits were made in the way of business by Shakespeare's attorney on the spot, they cannot be held to shed much light on his personal character. Much, too, has been made of his action in regard to the proposed enclosure of the open fields at Welcombe by William Combe; but on this point the two most recent biographers take precisely opposite views. Mr. Sidney Lee says: 'Having secured himself against all possible loss, Shakespeare threw his influence into Combe's scale'; on the other hand, Dr. Brandes asserts that Shakespeare 'defended the rights of his fellow-citizens against the country gentry.' The evidence, happily, can be put very shortly, and everyone can form his own opinion upon it. The old system of agriculture being one of common fields in which strips were held by various owners side by side, it was necessary, in order to enclose, that one proprietor should buy out the rest. William Combe, the squire of Welcombe, had for neighbour a Mr. Manering, steward to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who was lord of the manor; and as, according to Mr. Elton, the Chancellor had that year decreed that enclosure was for the common advantage, Combe had a strong case and strong backing. The corporation of Stratford resisted the proposal. The question for us is, which side did Shakespeare take? All our evidence is derived from a MS. book belonging to Shakespeare's cousin, Thomas Greene, who was clerk to the corporation. The following are the pertinent passages, in modern spelling:

17 Nov.—My cousin Shakespeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they meant to enclose no further than to Gospel Bush . . . and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all.

23 Dec.—A hall [*i.e.* council meeting]. Letters written, one to Mr. Manering, another to Mr. Shakespeare, with almost all the Company's hands to either. I also writ of myself to my cousin Shakespeare the copies of all our acts, and then also a note of the inconveniences would happen by the enclosure.

9 Jan.—Mr. Replyngham's [*i.e.* Combe's agent] 28 Oct., article with Mr. Shakespeare [*i.e.* deed of indemnity against loss], and then I was put in by T. Lucas.

11 Jan. 1614.—Mr. Manering and his agreement for me with my cousin Shakespeare.

Sept.—W. Shakspeare telling J. Greene that I was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe.

Now what these entries tell us is (1) that Shakespeare did not think Combe meant to press the matter, in face of the opposition

of the Stratford people ; (2) that in case Combe should do so he secured himself from loss through the depreciation of the tithes, of which he had purchased the moiety of a lease ten years previously ; (3) that he secured his cousin also, who had a share in the tithes. But so far there is absolutely no ground for saying either that he 'threw his influence into Combe's scale,' or 'defended the rights of his fellow-citizens.' The view we shall take of his general attitude will turn upon our interpretation of the last entry quoted above. As it stands it looks a little pointless. Why should Shakespeare tell Thomas Greene's own brother a fact he must have known better than Shakespeare did, and why should Thomas Greene make a solemn entry of Shakespeare's testimony ? Here Dr. Ingleby, who facsimiled the MS., comes to our help. He points out that Greene had a trick of writing 'I' for 'he,' sometimes correcting the slip, and sometimes not. On a previous page he had written, 'I willed him to learn what *I* could, and I told him so would I,' where the second *I* is an obvious slip for *he*. There can be no reasonable doubt, then, that this cryptic entry informs us of Shakespeare's own dislike to the enclosure, and disposes of the statement that he threw his weight into Combe's scale, though it does not justify us in saying that 'he defended the rights of his fellow-citizens.' He may have done so, but it is dangerous to go beyond the evidence.

The words quoted by Thomas Greene are the last recorded words of the poet. In the April of the year following, he died of a fever at his house in Stratford, after signing a very elaborate will disposing of all his property. There is an interesting clause leaving memorial rings to four friends in Stratford, and three members of his old company, Burbage, Hemings, and Cundell ; the last two of whom, seven years later, collected and published his plays. But the clause which has aroused most comment is an interlineation, the only reference to his wife in the document :—

Item. I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture.

Unkind people have thought that Shakespeare meant to be unkind ; but Mr. Halliwell-Phillips collected instances of many similar bequests from contemporary wills, one to a wife of 'the second best feather bed with a whole furniture there belonging,' so that no more ought to be heard of any suggested insult. The reason why Shakespeare chose to make his daughter legatee, rather than his wife, was probably the very simple one that his wife was seven years his senior, and perhaps in poor health ; and the reason

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why he interlined this special gift is probably because she asked for it specially.

In conclusion, I would ask, can we get any clear light on Shakespeare's character from the facts that have been ascertained as to his career? We have not many formal expressions of opinion by contemporaries about the man himself apart from his works, but we have one or two, and they lay stress on two characteristics, his friendliness and his sense of honour. The very first character we have of him by a contemporary speaks of his 'uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty,' and also of his 'civil demeanour'; and the very last, that of Ben Jonson, says the same: 'He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature'; and again in the lines on his portrait: 'It was for *gentle* Shakespeare cut.' With this agrees the character that is set down in two epigrams by John Davies of Hereford. In 1603, in an epigram on players, he makes his compliments especially to Shakespeare and Burbage, as being *gentlemen* in character. It is worth quoting:

Players, I love ye and your quality,
As ye are men—that pastime not abused;—
And some I love for painting, poesy;
And say fell Fortune cannot be excused
That hath for better uses you refused.
Wit, courage, good shape, good parts, and all good
(As long as all these *goods* are no worse used);
And though the stage doth stain pure gentle blood,
Yet *generous* ye are in mind and mood.

W. S., R. B.

And on the word *generous* in the last line he makes the note: 'Roscius was said for his excellency in his quality to be only worthy to come on the stage, and for his *honesty* to be more worthy than to come thereon.' To complete the portrait we may add the traits that Aubrey had from Beeston the actor: 'He was a handsome, well-shapt man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant wit.'

Honour, then, in public life, gentleness and companionableness in his private relations—these are the characteristics which men noted in Shakespeare, and they are confirmed by the facts of his career. His 'honesty,' to use that word in its broad Elizabethan sense, is brought out by two facts which distinguish Shakespeare from many of the contemporary dramatists. The first is that, much as commentators have laboured to find caricatures of his fellow-playwrights among his *dramatis personæ*, they have altogether failed; and while other dramatists seem to have made these

attacks a prominent feature of interest in their plays, the only reference made by Shakespeare to any quarrel is the admirably just criticism of Hamlet on the competition between the men and boy actors, that those who encourage it are making the boys fight 'against their own succession.' The second fact is that Shakespeare chose the life of hard work and thrift instead of the life of dissipation, keeping as a lodestar before him the determination to restore the fortunes of his father and his family. For this he has been sneered at by Pope, of all people, who, in a familiar couplet, accuses him of winging his flight 'for gain.' It would be as fair to say that Warren Hastings established our Indian Empire 'for gain,' because he also kept always before him the resolution to win back the family estate. I do not understand how any accusation can be brought against any man of genius for taking the money value of his work, unless it can be shown that, while careful of his own interests, he is indifferent to those of others. Of this there is no evidence in Shakespeare's case; but, on the contrary, Ben Jonson, who knew him well, and had a shrewd tongue, assures us that he was of 'an open and free nature.' I submit therefore that the facts of Shakespeare's life show him to us as a good friend and a man of honour.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT TYRTÆUS.

TYRTÆUS is supposed to have been a bard ; but he was really the genial and popular Spartan War Minister,
 Who, being fully aware of the views of Continental Potentates, and their plans, ambitious and sinister,
 For the better defence of his native land, and to free her from continual warlike alarms,
 Determined that he would Popularise the Conception (and a very good one, too) of a Nation In Arms !
 Now this is the way in which he proceeded to fan the flame of national ardour—
 (This metre looks at first as easy to write as blank verse, or Walt Whitman, but is in reality considerably harder)—
 He assured his crowded audience that, while everyone must deprecate a horrid, militant, Jingoist attitude,
 Not to serve one's country—at least on Saturday afternoons—was the very blackest ingratitude :
 Death on the battlefield—or at least the expense of buying a uniform—was the patriot's chiefest glory :
Dulce et decorum est (said the Statesman, amid thunderous cheers) *pro patriâ mori !*
 Everyone should be ready to defend his hearth and home, be it humble cot or family mansion,
 Provided always that he discouraged a tendency to Militarism and Imperial Expansion :
 That was the habit of mind which a Spartan's primary duty to stifle was,
 Seeing that the country's salvation lay rather with the intelligent, spontaneous, disinterested Volunteer, who didn't care how obsolete the pattern of his rifle was :
 Too much skill in shooting or drill was a perilous thing, and he did not mean to require it,
 For fear of alarming peace-loving Emperors and suchlike by display of a combative spirit :
 Regular armies tended to that ; and in view of the state of international conditions he
 Meant to cut down our own to the minimum consistent with Guaranteed Efficiency—
 Being convinced as he was that an army recruited and trained on a properly peaceful principle
 Would be wholly (and here comes a rhyme that won't please Mr. Lang ; but I'm sorry to say it's the only available one)—wholly, I say, and completely invincible !
 This being so, he did not propose to devise any scheme, or with cut-and-dried details to fetter a
 Patriot Public who quite understood of themselves that Sparta Expects—
et cetera.

After this oratorical burst, as the country next day was informed by about two hundred reporters,

The Right Honourable Gentleman resumed his seat amid loud and continuous applause, having spoken for two hours and three-quarters.

The Public at once declared, with unanimity so remarkable that nothing could well surpass it,

That Patriotic Self-sacrifice was a Priceless National Asset:

No rational person, they said, could fail to be deeply impressed by the charms Of that truly august conception, a Nation In Arms:

To become expert in the use of strictly defensive weapons, spear or sword, Lee-Metford, torpedo, or sabre,

Was a duty—if not for oneself, yet incumbent without any shadow of doubt on one's neighbour:

Still there were some who might possibly urge that the world was at peace, and the time was not ripe yet for it—

Besides the undoubted fact that a patriot who was asked to sacrifice his Saturday half-holiday might legitimately inquire what he was likely to get for it:

So on the whole, while they recognised quite (what a metre this is, to be sure!) that the Minister's scheme was replete with attraction,

They decided to wait for a while (what with the danger of encouraging a spirit of Militarism and a number of other excellent reasons) before putting his plan into action.

Then the Continental Potentates—and if I venture at all to allude to them, it is

Only to show how all this Nation-In-Arms business may lead to the most regrettable extremities:

This part of my poem, short, most painful and sad to a lover of peace is, And in fact I believe I can deal with it best by a delicate use of the figure Aposiopesis—

However—the net result was that a time arrived when Consols went down to nothing at all, caddies in thousands were thrown out of work and professional footballers docked of their salary,

And several League matches had to be played at a lamentable financial loss in the absence of the usual gallery!

Then, some time after that (it's really impossible to say what happened in between), when business at last had resumed its usual working,

And the nation in general was no longer engaged in painfully realistic manœuvres, on the slopes of Taygetus, between Guildford and Dorking—

Then the Public met and resolved, like the person whose case is recorded in fable, That now that the steed had been stolen (or at least suffered from exposure to the air) it was high time to close the door of the stable,

And that never again no more should their cricketfields, football grounds, croquet lawns, bunkers

Be profaned by the feet of Cossacks, Chasseurs, Bashi Bazouks, or Junkers; And I don't think they talked very big about Nations-In-Arms, or inscribed on their banners any particularly inspiring motto,

But they learnt to shoot and to drill, not more or less but quite well—in spite of the danger of Militarism—for the plain and simple reason that they'd got to!

A. D. GODLEY.

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THE FOURTH GUN.

CHADACRE HALL stands in a wide expanse of dyke-intersected marshland, and a ladle-shaped broad, fringed with reed and swamp, runs to within half a mile of the front door. The house is surrounded by gaunt, decaying trees, and has its back to the marram-covered and rabbit-drilled sandhills, sole protection in this part of Norfolk against the ever encroaching North Sea.

The Hall, which dates from the earliest Tudor period, had seen its good times and its bad. There was no question which it was seeing now, for the rich red Tudor bricks needed pointing, the stone facings were yellow with moss and damp, and the oak window-frames were white with the want of paint; there was an ominous crack right down the middle of the house, and the roof had an ugly sag in it. The great ornamental weathercock, which for centuries had spun round to the pleasure of the winds, was fixed with beak between north and east; bent and rusty, it had given up work. The gardens, lawns, and gravel drives had a look of the hopeless affliction of poverty, not the 'To be let or sold' neglect, but the battling of one man and a boy with a task for which four men would have proved insufficient.

This property, with its three farms, coverts, rabbit-warren, broad, and marshland, had been in the hands of the Wades for several hundred years; and, like his house, Colonel Montagu Wade was growing old and past repair. He was not the last of his race, for at his death George, the elder son, would step into the entail, and the younger, Archie, into the few hundreds his father could put by for him during his lifetime.

If the outside of the house showed lack of money, the inside still more vehemently proclaimed the want. The carpets were threadbare, the curtains faded and moth-eaten. The high-backed, leather-covered chairs were rubbed through till the stuffing showed in hungry gaps. Yet amidst these shabby surroundings there stood priceless cabinets of Sheraton design; portraits of great value hung on the walls; and had the silver in the butler's pantry been sold the proceeds would have sufficed to repair the house from top

to bottom. Colonel Wade loved his china, his silver, and his pictures. As heirlooms they had come down to him, and as heirlooms he meant to pass them on to his son. One treasure he prized above all others—a great silver nef, the proud centrepiece of his sideboard. It had belonged to the family in the time of the first King James, and had the royal arms emblazoned on its sails.

Although Colonel Wade would not part with so much as a spoon to help the ever diminishing rent-roll, some means of raising the balance at the bank had to be devised. Farms unlet at Lady Day were still unlet at Michaelmas, and it seemed improbable that the following March would find them tenanted. Money for the needful working expenses had to be found somehow. Archie had suggested that this year they should not only let the shooting, but should put up the guns at the Hall; they could then ask more for the underkept and sparsely-stocked coverts. The notion had been opposed both by his father and George: the idea of opening their doors to strangers hurt their pride; but as no alternative presented itself Archie's arguments had prevailed, and Colonel Wade had consented to advertise for four guns to join the Chadacre Hall shooting for a month.

Possibly no two brothers could have viewed a matter of this character from more varying standpoints. George, thirteen years his stepbrother's senior, was, like his father, proud of his name and his inheritance. With Archie lay the commercial spirit of the age. He would have parted without a pang with any of the treasures the house possessed if the money could have been put into the land he helped to farm to enable him to get more out of it.

A sister of Colonel Wade made the fourth member of the household. She had resided at Chadacre since Archie was a baby; in fact, had come to take care of him at the death of his mother. She was known to her nephews as Aunt Wade, and was some few years older than her brother, being nearer seventy-five than seventy.

The September sun was ruthlessly showing the darns in the cloth on the breakfast-table, when Colonel Wade looked up from his pile of letters and bills, and remarked:

'Well, it never rains but it pours! After having given up all hope of obtaining that fourth gun I have no less than three applications by this morning's post.'

'Thought that last advertisement would fetch 'em,' remarked Archie.

'Advertisement, Archie? You don't mean to say you stoop to advertisements!'

'Yes, Aunt Wade, posters if you like—anything to get the guns.'

'Posters, posters! It sounds like a circus.'

'Yes, there's a lot of the *houp-la* about Archie. He would make a good man in advance to a show,' put in George, with some bitterness.

'Never mind what I should make; let us hear the letters, governor,' said Archie.

'You read them, George. It is useless for me to try and make a selection; they all seem much of a muchness.' Colonel Wade pushed the letters across the table to his elder son.

George read them and passed them on to his brother with a 'Here, Kiddy, it's your idea; you'd better choose. I don't care which bounder comes.'

Archie carefully read the letters. 'There seems to be only one to decide on,' he said. 'This one from Mr. Kirby—why, he wants to pay £10 less than we ask! T. B. Stracey wants to know if he can bring his son for the three best days. We have now more guns than we have things to shoot at. So there only remains Mr. Nathaniel Putney, who is evidently willing to pay what we ask and make no bones about it.'

'Putney, Putney; what a name!' sneered George. 'I knew Archie would choose him, Father.'

'Well, I go for the cash; that's what we want first. Why not Putney as well as anybody else?'

'Why not?' said the Colonel moodily. 'I hate the idea altogether, and it's a matter of indifference to me who comes. It is the first time, and, I hope, the last, that Chadacre Hall will be turned into a kind of boarding-house.'

'Oh, cheer up! What's the odds? It's only for a month, and four hundred pounds will be useful, won't it, governor?' put in Archie. 'Besides, it will help to liven us all up in this dull old place. Let me see; we have got Mr. Dickenson, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Brewster, and our friend here, Putney.'

'He will be your friend of the lot, I feel sure,' remarked George. 'It will be Nat by the end of the first day, eh, Archie?'

'Brewster,' began Aunt Wade. 'Ah, yes, I remember a certain

Hon. Robert Brewster when I was a girl ; in fact, I had a slight flirtation with him. He was a son of Lord Cobbold. Perhaps this is his son.'

'Should not wonder,' answered Archie. 'You can carry on the flirtation, Aunt Wade, and keep things moving.'

'Don't be vulgar, Archie,' snapped his father.

Aunt Wade meandered through the list: 'Dickenson. I remember that name at the old Marlborough House balls. Harrison. No, I never knew any Harrison, except—let me see—ah, yes, a dear Canon Harrison, at Canterbury. But Putney, I am sure one would never find the name of Putney in a Court Circular.'

'No ; sounds more like a circular for a dog-meat or a patent medicine. "Putney's Puppy Pulp," or "Putney's Purifying Pills," eh ?' laughed Archie.

'What, Archie, what did you say ?' asked Aunt Wade, who was a little deaf.

Archie shouted vigorously: 'Purifying Pills—Putney's Patent.'

'Oh, really, Archie,' his aunt was beginning, when Colonel Wade interrupted her:

'Don't listen to the boy, Clara ; he knows nothing about it. Not that I should be surprised. Nowadays money carries all before it.'

'Well, you and I are looking forward to quite a good time, aren't we, Aunt Wade ? You will have to brush up the dinners a bit, and I shall try and put my bay pony into one of the men for £50. It won't be my fault if I don't.' And Archie laughed.

'That it won't,' said George, as he rose from the table. 'You ought to have been a commercial traveller, Archie.' And with this parting shot he left the room.

The evening of the 15th found the guns arrived at Chadacre Hall. Colonel Wade received his guests with the old-fashioned courtesy of manner which even disapproval could not alter. He scrutinised each man as he came into the room, picking out his qualities and failings at a glance. Archie was here, there, and everywhere, arranging details, caring for the comfort of and showing sympathy with the little peculiarities shooting men frequently exhibit. George, polite as his father, maintained the attitude of indifference he had shown throughout. Aunt Wade, in a turned black silk of early Victorian pattern, was shaking hands, asking eager questions, and thoroughly enjoying the new excitement.

Though Colonel Wade's claret was not the finest *château*, the

display of silver on his dinner-table could not have been equalled in many a nobleman's house. The great nef occupied the centre of the table, rare Stuart beakers, filled with flowers, stood at the corners; placed on the cloth were antique spoons, curious dishes for sweetmeats, Jacobean sugar casters and salt-cellars; and the sauce-tureens and *entrée* dishes would have made an auctioneer at Christie's pause in admiration. The dinner itself was plentiful rather than choice; Aunt Wade, with a view to profit, had killed a pig into the establishment, for with a lot of hungry shooting men in the house pork is such a capital thing to fall back on, and so useful for lunch, she said.

Notwithstanding the risk to digestion roast loin of pork and sausages entailed, the men seemed to enjoy their dinner. Colonel Wade, from his end of the table, reviewed his guests in order.

Dickenson, he decided, was a *nouveau riche* who had retired from a successful business early in life with the intention of devoting his remaining days to sport. He appeared to be a great shot, and would talk of nothing but cartridges, guns, and dogs. He was undoubtedly a crank as far as his art was concerned, but a thorough sportsman, and Colonel Wade liked him for it.

Harrison took things more calmly. 'Liked shooting for a diversion.' He was still in business, and this outing was to him a holiday rather than the serious affair Dickenson considered it. Brewster had turned out to be the nephew, not the son, of Aunt Wade's early flirtation. As a sportsman he seemed inclined to be indolent, was keen enough for plenty of shooting, but objected to the exertion of a long day, following birds over a rough country.

It was less easy to form an opinion of Mr. Putney. And yet it was strange how very nearly he agreed with the picture Colonel Wade had mentally made of him when reading his letters. George had remarked on the elaboration of the handwriting; and Mr. Putney, like his writing, was a trifle 'flourishy.' He was a short, well-made man, with close-cropped hair touched with grey. There was just that slight extravagance in dress that spoilt his appearance, as did his extreme politeness and affability spoil his manners. Yet he appeared to be a clever little man, told excellent stories, and seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of knowledge of antiquities. He knew every silver mark, and was able to give Colonel Wade information as to the probable history of some of his favourite pieces. On all subjects his conversation was bright and amusing,

and he seemed to have the power of adapting it to the requirements of his several listeners. Yet Colonel Wade could not quite make him out. He could not gather that he was in any business, and although he spoke of having visited at the houses of several noblemen of the Colonel's acquaintance in better days, and appeared to have a familiar knowledge of their belongings, yet, as George later in the evening expressively, if inelegantly, put it: 'Mr. Putney wanted another lick.' Still, there was no doubt that he was amusing Aunt Wade with his anecdotes. Evidently he had been a great traveller, and was as much at home in New York, Berlin, Vienna, and Paris as in London, and the tales he told of the castles of barons and princes he had visited delighted the old lady.

So much did he know about silver, pictures, precious stones, and curios of all sorts that Colonel Wade at length decided that he was either a collector for a national museum, or a dealer in antiquities on his own account. He favoured the former supposition, for, as he reflected, dealers were usually men of a Jewish persuasion, and there was certainly nothing of the Jew about Mr. Putney. When sporting matters were touched on Mr. Putney seldom entered into the conversation; on that subject he seemed more anxious to gain information than to impart it, and Colonel Wade concluded that he knew very little about shooting. Indeed, later in the evening he was heard to say that he was a better shot with a revolver than with a gun.

During a pause at dessert Mr. Putney, apparently with the intention of keeping the ball of conversation rolling, turned to his host and asked if there were a ghost in the house. 'Because it looks just the place for one,' he added, glancing round the panelled walls.

It was on Colonel Wade's lips to say: 'Every idiot who comes to this house asks the same question.' But he checked himself, and answered: 'I am glad, Mr. Putney, you did not ask that question before my servants. There is *supposed* to be a ghost here—what old house is without one?—but it is entirely a case of supposition.'

'Oh, is it?' began Archie, but his father interrupted him.

'Don't make a fool of yourself, Archie. You know you have never seen the ghost—nor has any one else, to my knowledge. So don't frighten my guests with ridiculous stories about what doesn't exist. Mr. Putney, there is not a ghost. There is a silly report that one has been seen, and in consequence I have the

greatest difficulty in keeping women servants, so let me beg you not to speak on the subject when they are in the room.'

At that moment the butler and tablemaid entered with some fruit, and the conversation was adroitly turned into other channels.

The evening passed pleasantly; even the Colonel allowed that he had enjoyed himself. Mr. Putney played picquet with Aunt Wade for mild points, and in the smoking-room later on told stories which set everyone in roars of laughter—even Dickenson, who was unable to bring out his hobby-horse, sport, and ride it as he would wish to have done till bedtime.

Mr. Putney put in so late an appearance at breakfast the next morning that any doubt left in Colonel Wade's mind of his disinclination for sport vanished. The whole party were crossing the hall on their way to the gun-room, preparatory to a start, when Mr. Putney sauntered down the stairs. Archie, who had been out betimes, interviewing keepers, seeing the beaters, and making all needful preparations for the day, found him roaming round the dining-room, examining the portraits on the walls, when he hurried in to snatch a hasty breakfast.

'Hullo, Mr. Putney,' he exclaimed; 'why, you are late! Not started breakfast yet? Hope you had a good night.'

'Only fair,' was the rejoinder. 'That accounts for my being so late. I am a shocking bad morning bird,' Putney added, after a pause.

'We'll get you into better ways when we've had you here a few days,' said Archie. 'Still, I'm sorry you had a bad night. Nothing wrong, I hope?'

Mr. Putney evaded the question. Looking round the room, he said: 'I do admire your pictures. I've just been having a good look at them. That portrait, for instance,' pointing to the picture of a lady attired in the hooped petticoats and puffed sleeves of the period of the Stuarts. 'That's an exceptionally fine picture. A Vandyke, is it not?'

'Oh, that one! She's a queer-looking old body, is she not? She was a little peculiar in her life, too, and came to a bad end,' said Archie.

'Perhaps it was that old lady, or her spirit, who disturbed me last night, eh?' said Mr. Putney, looking hard at Archie as he spoke.

Archie let fall his knife and fork with a crash. With astonishment in his voice, he exclaimed: 'What—why, you don't mean

to say that the ghost—her ghost visited you! Is it a fact, Putney?’

‘Then she is the ghost here, is she not?’

Archie did not answer, but stared incredulously at the speaker.

Presently he said: ‘Putney, it is no good denying it; there is supposed to be a ghost here, but till this minute I have always thought it rot. But—but you have hit it; that is the lady. Still, it’s all nonsense. You did not really see her! Come?’

‘Oh, didn’t I, that’s all! But you needn’t mind; I was not dreadfully frightened as you seem to think. There are some people, you know, who seem to have a sort of affinity for ghosts. They come to some people and never go near others. I’m one of the ones they come to. I suppose there’s something sympathetic in my nature—draws them like flies to honey. She looked me up twice in the night.’

‘Are you really serious?’

‘Of course I am. How the deuce do you think I should have been able to spot her portrait if I hadn’t seen her spirit?’

‘No, that’s reasonable enough,’ Archie replied; ‘but it’s a most extraordinary thing, all the same. Of course, you know there is always bother with the servants, the women portion, at least, on her account, but up to now we have always put it down to their fancy; you know what that class is. Oh, I say, don’t say anything about it, there’s a good chap, or you may scare all the other men away, and then there’ll be the deuce to pay. I’ll have your room changed, do anything you like, if only you’ll keep silent.’

‘My dear fellow, don’t trouble yourself about me. I’m not in the least frightened; in fact, quite interested. Don’t on any account change my room. I won’t say a word. I rather like that sort of thing than otherwise.’

‘It’s very good of you to say so. Are you quite sure?’

‘Rather; but tell me the lady’s history.’

‘Oh, she is a remote ancestress. She it was who beggared our family. She was a noted beauty of her time, and went the pace no end—was a Court favourite, and some other beauty got jealous of her, and hired an assassin to stick a knife into her. In consequence she is supposed to haunt the corridors of the house she ruined.’

‘Now that’s most interesting,’ replied Mr. Putney; ‘and her portrait, I repeat, must be worth a lot of money.’

'Is it? I wish the governor would sell her, then, especially if she annoys my guns. What would she fetch?'

'Anything from £500 to £1,000; perhaps more,' said Mr. Putney, assuming the air of a connoisseur. 'Why not get your father to try it at Christie's?'

'He'd sooner part with one of his sons,' laughed Archie. 'But are you quite sure of the worth of it?'

'Pretty nearly.' Mr. Putney thought for a minute. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said. 'Don't say anything to the Colonel, but let me photograph the picture. I have a camera with me. I'll send a photo up to a friend of mine who is in the old master line and get him to give us his opinion; then perhaps your father might be induced to sell.'

'It's very good of you, but I'm afraid there's no chance of that. Still, you can photograph it if you like. If I had my way I'd clear out a lot of old rubbish and make a bit, for I tell you we are hard hit these bad times, with all our money in land. Well, keep your promise, there's a good chap, and I'll do my best to see you have good sport and good places. We must be starting.'

'Ah, thanks! You need not fear; but I want your advice and your help. I must own I am not at all a good shot; in fact I have never tried driven birds before. You might give me a few tips, and put me in the way of the thing a bit.'

'Certainly. I'm not shooting to-day as I have to keep the beaters in order; but after I have got the thing going I will come and stand by you and see what you are doing. I'll try and come to you at the second drive.'

'I was afraid Putney was not much of a shot,' Archie said to himself as he walked with the beaters to the far end of the property. 'Still, he's not half a bad chap, and awfully decent about the ghost. Let's hope he doesn't pepper anyone; the governor would be furious. I must keep my eye on him—and the ghost.'

The wind was right for driving, and under Archie's care the birds came well and fast over the guns. Mr. Dickenson showed the company he was a scientific shot of no mean order. With a loader and two guns he was piling up the bag at every drive. In accordance with his promise Archie joined Mr. Putney at the earliest opportunity. So far that gentleman had not distinguished himself. He had succeeded in lowering one bird only, which, by a lucky chance, he had browned out of a covey as it swept past

him. Archie showed him how to stand; to be on the alert when the warning whistle told him birds were on the wing; how to get in front of the birds and bring them down right and left whenever opportunity offered.

Although a novice in the art Putney was no fool. Under Archie's directions he occasionally brought down a bird, much to his own and his instructor's delight. After lunch, when some thirty-five or forty brace had been killed, he excused himself on the plea that he was tired and had letters to write, and went back to the Hall, leaving the others to finish the day. Archie took his guns and shot in his place.

Dickenson joined Archie in the walk home. 'That's a nice pair of guns of Putney's. Purdey's, by Jove—beauties!' he remarked.

'Aren't they,' replied Archie, with enthusiasm; 'and I can shoot with them, too.'

'That's more than Putney can. Do you know, I think that little man is a bit of a liar,' said Dickenson.

'What makes you think so?'

'Because he told me Purdey made those guns for him. I bet it's a lie; he got them second-hand for a certainty.'

'How on earth can you tell, Mr. Dickenson?'

'Why, I saw at a glance that he was no shot, and I also saw that those guns did not fit him one little bit. I know Purdey too well to believe he'd turn out a pair of guns with a fit like that. They are too long in the stock, and were made for a man much bigger in build than Putney—more like yourself. Purdey never made them for him.'

'I expect you're right. Still, it is best not to say anything. Putney is a capital little chap, and we are all liable to talk a bit tall at times, eh?'

'Oh, yes; it doesn't matter in the least to me. But I am not to be had in the matter of guns,' was Dickenson's reply.

'I've taken the photo and sent it off to be developed,' Mr. Putney whispered to Archie, when they met in the gun-room before tea.

'What, already!' said Archie, in some perturbation. 'For heaven's sake don't let the governor know, he would be annoyed!'

When Archie reappeared, clean and clothed for tea, he found the drawing-room empty save for Aunt Wade. He stretched himself luxuriously in an arm-chair, and exclaimed: 'Thank goodness

the first day is over, and it has been a success. I think everyone, including the governor, is thoroughly contented with himself.'

'I am so glad, and you know, Archie, I think we have got four quite nice men. It is so fortunate, and the four hundred will be so useful to your father.'

'Yes, my idea,' said Archie triumphantly. 'In spite of all they said against it it seems to be turning out well, doesn't it?'

'Indeed it does, and it makes quite a change, quite a little excitement for me. Mr. Putney has been most pleasant this afternoon; he came and sat with me and asked me all about everything. He owns he is a collector; I was sure of it from the first by the sympathetic way he handled the best pieces of china. And he has such vast knowledge, too, knows every mark and the value of all the dear things. I have shown him *all* the treasures, and have had a most enjoyable time with him in the strong-room; he told me a lot about things that I had no idea of. He was most interested in everything he saw.'

The first week ended as successfully as it had opened. The guns had grown to know one another and to feel at home in their surroundings; sport had been fairly good, and everyone appeared cheerful and contented. The Colonel had gone so far as to inform George that after all he considered it a pleasant way of making a little money, and George had not disagreed with him. Aunt Wade, ever solicitous for the welfare of her brother's guests, was anxious to find out if all things were to their liking, and for this purpose she addressed herself to Mr. Dickenson.

'Never enjoyed myself more in my life,' was the answer she obtained.

'You are quite sure there is nothing you want? I wish you all to make yourselves at home,' she said with earnestness.

This was too good an opportunity to be lost. Dickenson, with hesitation began: 'Well now, Miss Wade, as you are so kind as—er—to suggest—might I say one thing?'

'Anything,' Aunt Wade answered courteously.

Dickenson went on: 'I am sorry to say that the last day or two I have noticed a falling off in the shooting of our friends. Brewster, for instance, is tailing his birds badly, and even I find that I am not shooting up to that ideal standard that I aim at.'

'But how am I responsible, Mr. Dickenson?' put in Aunt Wade in genuine surprise.

'Well, you see, my dear lady, you are too generous with our diet. These dinners of yours—very delightful to eat—are just a trifle too heavy for the guns, I fear. Upsets their digestion and makes them behind their birds. Pork, for example, I consider fatal. Now, if without inconveniencing you we could have a little lighter kind of dinner—you will pardon me, won't you?' Dickenson added hastily, thinking he saw a look of contempt cross the lady's face.

'My dear Mr. Dickenson, I really do think you carry your ideas of hygiene too far,' Miss Wade answered. 'Of course I will do anything to please you, but do you think it is wise to allow yourself to become a slave to your stomach? In my days we managed differently. If I found anything disagree with my stomach, what did I do? Why, I fed that stomach on that one dish for a week or more till it had to agree with it. The plan answered, I can assure you. I can eat anything at any hour of the day or night. Lobster, liver, kidneys, nothing comes amiss. And look at me, seventy-five and as hale and hearty as many a girl of seventeen of the present day.'

Dickenson appeared astounded at the recital of Miss Wade's digestive powers. He simply remarked, 'Marvellous, it seems hardly credible.'

'It's a fact, though,' said the old lady in triumph.

'Still, Miss Wade, good as your theory is, by your own showing it takes time to carry out. During that week of discipline where would the shooting be? What would it be like?' Dickenson raised his hands in horror at the thought.

'Oh, don't think of it,' said the old lady with her kindest smile. 'I will consider what you say and do my best to carry out your wishes. To-morrow fish, a boiled fowl, and sago pudding, and if the others don't like it—well, you must take the blame.'

There is always one man in a party whose strength of will dominates the rest, and Dickenson was the man at Chadacre Hall. So keen was he on sport and the way the people shot that his enthusiasm proved infectious, and soon he persuaded all the other guns to adopt his manner of living, greatly, it must be confessed, to the advantage of their shooting. Mr. Putney was one of his earliest converts, indeed, he went in advance of his teacher, for as the result of a dissertation by Dickenson on the benefits derived from sleeping in pure air, he announced that he slept not only with the window open, but the door as well. 'And you will notice

how I have improved in my shooting the last day or so,' he added, to strengthen his arguments.

'Fifty per cent., and if you only had those guns of yours altered you'd be getting quite a good shot,' Dickenson answered. The open door and window plan so appealed to him that he tried it, and very soon every shooting member of the party was sleeping with his bedroom door set wide open with a chair.

One morning soon after this open door arrangement had come into force, Archie noticed three of the guns confabulating in a corner of the gun-room. He caught snatches of their conversation. 'Well, I know it was the ghost,' Brewster was saying; 'I woke up and there she was, standing in the doorway. The moon was bright and I could see her quite plainly—exactly like the lady in the picture.' 'I saw her too,' put in Harrison; and Dickenson added, 'Nonsense, I know what it is. That old Aunt Wade will eat cold pig at nine o'clock at night, and of course she walks in her sleep; I've an idea she visited me also.'

'But, my dear Dickenson, the dress, the hooped petticoat, the powdered hair,' went on Brewster.

'Oh, that's your vivid imagination,' answered Dickenson. 'Besides, I should think Aunt Wade's night attire might have a little of the middle ages about it.' Archie saw that Putney had overheard the conversation, for he winked at him as much as to say, 'There, doesn't that agree with what I told you?' Putney joined himself to the group. 'Shouldn't wonder if your idea is the right one, Dickenson,' he said. 'I saw the apparition when I first got here—but there, what of it? It won't hurt us—ghosts never do. Better not say anything to the Colonel about it; it might annoy him.' Archie, when he got Putney to himself, told him he was a brick.

It had become a habit in the evening for Mr. Putney to amuse the company with tricks of sleight of hand. As an amateur conjurer he was certainly very clever. He could make walnuts disappear and find them again neatly concealed in Aunt Wade's side curls, to the huge delight of everyone, Aunt Wade excepted. That evening, as he was giving his usual performance, Brewster exclaimed, 'By-the-by, Putney, are you going to entertain us with theatricals or characters in costume shortly?'

Mr. Putney disclaimed all such intention and asked the reason of the question.

'Only I happened to see—let me see, was it yesterday or the

day before?—that you had a parcel from Nathan, the theatrical people, and I've been hoping for a surprise each night.'

A tinge of colour came into Putney's face. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I'm no actor, well—' he seemed at a loss for words—'I am, was—at least, I am going to do a little thing in town for a charity, and as the costume is a particular one I got Nathan to make it, and they sent it down for me to try on, that's all,' he added, with apparent relief.

Archie could not fail to notice Mr. Putney's embarrassment. He looked hard at him and expressed a desire to see the dress, and asked what it was like and whom it was to represent. Mr. Putney replied—again with some hesitation—that it did not fit him and he had sent it back to town. Dickenson's remark that Putney was a bit of a liar flashed through Archie's brain, and he was sure that for some reason unknown to him Putney was lying at that moment. The conviction gave him matter for much consideration.

That night and for the three or four following ones the ghost was most persistent. Each person in the house save the members of the family was visited. Harrison alone seemed to object to it, and he was so genuinely alarmed that he told a tale of a wire from town which would oblige him to go away for a few days—he hoped to be able to return, but could not say for certain. This so perturbed Archie that he determined to sit up all night and keep watch for the ghost. Nothing happened in the early hours, but between three and four in the morning he was awoke from the uneasy sleep into which he had fallen by the sound of a movement in the corridor. Carefully opening his door he looked out, and there, flitting down the passage, was an exact portrait of his long-deceased ancestress. He saw it for a moment and then it vanished into an unused room. So astounded was he that pursuit for the moment was impossible, and not without some slight trepidation did he wait for it to reappear. But the minutes passed and nothing came, so he went to the door it had gone in at and tried it. It was locked. Archie knew the room connected with the one in which Mr. Putney slept, and he walked on to visit him. His door was locked also.

'That's rum; I thought Putney always slept with his door open,' he exclaimed. He listened; Mr. Putney was snoring loudly, very loudly he thought. Not wishing to disturb the household he went back to bed; a feeling of great uneasiness had taken possession of him.

The next morning several of the party announced that they

had received a visit from the ghost, amongst others the old butler who slept in a little apartment near the strong-room. This upset the household downstairs, and among the maids there was ominous talk of departure. A feeling of discomfort was possessed by servants and guests alike.

That day as they were shooting the coverts near the house Archie arranged to lunch indoors. Coming in he met Aunt Wade all but in tears—her favourite pair of powder-blue vases were missing.

‘Must be the ghost,’ involuntarily exclaimed Brewster.

‘What ghost?’ demanded Colonel Wade. He was not to be put off with excuses, but insisted on a full explanation. A heated argument followed. Mr. Putney, who came late into the dining-room, expressed much sorrow for the loss. ‘They are worth a lot of money; a hundred pounds the pair, I should say,’ he remarked. He announced his intention of assisting Aunt Wade in another search, and the rest of the party followed him to the drawing-room. Strange to say the vases, though not on the shelf they generally rested on, were standing on the shelf opposite.

‘Those damned servants—shifting things about. I wish you would tell them not to touch them,’ said Colonel Wade irritably. But Miss Wade, though delighted to regain her treasures, was quite convinced they were not on the shelf when she first made search, and nothing would make her alter her opinion, though she promised to make enquiries in the servants’ hall. Archie, too, thought the incident a strange one, but he refrained from comment.

He asked Putney during the afternoon if he had received the photographs yet.

‘What photos?’ said Putney in surprise.

‘Why, the ones you took of the portrait, to be sure.’

‘Ah, those! Yes—well, no, that chap hasn’t sent them yet; I must drop him a line.’

‘Yes, do please, and tell him to send them on at once. The governor would be furious if he knew photographs of his ancestors were being hawked about.’

From that time forward things went from bad to worse. The ghost was most regular in its appearance. No one was safe from a nightly visit. The maid-servants were scared, the butler annoyed, the guns perturbed, and the shooting suffered from shaken nerves and wakeful nights. All the guns, that is, but Dickenson, who still assured everyone that Aunt Wade walked in her sleep as the

result of orgies of pork. Mr. Putney, although interested in the apparition, also appeared alarmed, for every night the ghost visited him, he declared, whether his door were shut or open. Archie grew more and more suspicious. He was certain that on several occasions he had heard movements in Mr. Putney's room, and he was convinced those movements were human rather than supernatural. He pondered much on the matter, and came to the conclusion that Mr. Putney was amusing himself with them all. 'He is such a comical little chap and always up to some nonsense or other, I shouldn't a bit wonder if he is playing at being the ghost,' he told himself. Then a sudden inspiration came to him. 'I, too, will play the ghost and see if I can find out what he's up to.' In an old chest in the lumber-room were stored many dresses of his ancestors, and it was not improbable that the dress of the lady of the picture should be among the number. Archie took no one into his confidence, knowing that in a case of this kind it is wisest to keep your own counsel.

He found the costume and brought it down to his bedroom, and with some of the tow used for cleaning guns he manufactured a wig. With a cap set on the fair curls he made a very good replica of the portrait.

That night he walked the passages—a ghost waiting for a ghost that did not appear. For a divertissement he thought he would try his cunning on some of the sleeping guests. He visited Dickenson, whose door stood invitingly open. By the faint light of a lamp left burning on the landing he could see that he was fast asleep.

Archie rubbed his hands together to produce a hissing sound.

Dickenson turned over in his bed and murmured, 'Oh, do go away, Aunt Wade, and don't eat pork,' and in a moment was soundly asleep again.

Archie thought he would try the effect of his masquerading on Brewster. His door he found closed; gently turning the handle he stepped into the room. Instantly Brewster sprang up in bed: 'What's that?' he cried in tones of alarm. Archie whisked out of the room and slipped back into his bedroom, fearing that Brewster might follow and discover him, but though he waited for some ten minutes Brewster never stirred. Then he decided to visit Mr. Putney, and putting his head out of his door he looked down the corridor to see if the coast was clear. The silence of night enveloped the house, and yet out of the stillness the sound of a creaking stairway fell on the listener's ear. Archie saw a duplicate

of himself, copied to an exactness, come quietly up the stairs. He remained in the shelter of his half-closed door; his heart failed him; in the presence of the ghost his desire to interview that ghost was less strong than it had been in daylight hours. Should he shout for help? Only the remembrance that he, too, was dressed as the ghost, and the thought of the complications that would ensue, and of his father's wrath were he caught in that attire, stayed him.

The ghost disappeared into Putney's room. 'Poor old Putney, I wonder what will happen now!' was his thought. But though he waited two minutes, five minutes, ten minutes, nothing happened, and the ghost did not reappear. 'Well, Putney does not seem to mind; I wonder if he is holding spiritual conversation with it,' he mused, and the temptation to go and hear what was going on was too great to be resisted. He tip-toed down the passage to Putney's door and put his ear to the keyhole and listened.

He heard no conversation, but what he did hear was the noise of some one dropping his weight on to a spring mattress, and then all was quiet again.

'By Jingo, then it is Putney!' was Archie's exclamation. 'But what is he up to; why was he downstairs? Now I come to think of it I am sure I heard the pantry door shut. What's his idea? What on earth can he be doing?' were the questions he kept asking himself. He decided to keep silence as to his night of watching, and next evening to again don the costume of his ancestress and follow the other ghost downstairs.

At the breakfast table the next morning Brewster gave graphic descriptions of the visits he had received, and his tale was, as usual, capped by Mr. Putney, who declared the ghost had gone so far as to sit on his bed. Aunt Wade, who had ridiculed the whole thing from the first, never having been visited, laughed, as usual, at the various stories, but to Archie's annoyance the old butler went to Colonel Wade and told him he could no longer remain in a place where it was necessary to barricade himself in his room at night and not feel safe even when he had done so.

That night, as soon as everyone had retired to his room, Archie dressed himself and waited by his half-opened door to listen for footsteps. Before long he heard Mr. Putney's door carefully open. He looked out. Yes, there was the ghost, carrying a lighted candle, and downstairs it went. As soon as it had vanished into the dark-

ness of the hall below Archie went to Putney's room. The bed was empty.

'Ah, now I have caught you!' he exclaimed aloud. He waited for a few minutes. 'Let's give him a little rope,' was his thought. He crept downstairs and made his way to the pantry, out of which the strong-room opened. A dim light burnt on the table under the window, and from the flicker of the flame and the draught that met his face as he entered, Archie judged the window to be open. The table was covered with silver cups, dishes, tureens, beakers, spoons, and candlesticks, and Archie saw a pair of arms thrust through the window, and as he watched, a sugar caster standing on the ledge disappeared. In his astonishment he made a movement forward, and from outside arose a yell: 'Nat, Nat, the real ghost. Good God!' In a moment, out of the black cavernous strong-room bounded the replica of the portrait, with the great nef in its arms. Before Archie could run forward the figure had dropped the silver ship, and with a leap was on the table and out of the window, the bars of which had been adroitly sawn through.

Archie gave one long cry of 'Thieves, burglars, help!' He jumped on the table and tried to squeeze himself through the window, but his broad shoulders and big frame stopped him from passing where the smaller man had passed. As he vainly strove for an exit he could hear footsteps of two men running with all haste down the drive.

Fresh shouts brought assistance. First the butler appeared, then Colonel Wade, then some timorous maid-servants, who fainted at sight of Archie, and had to be removed. 'Who the devil are you, and what are you doing here?' the Colonel shouted in fury, and Archie blurted out, 'Quick, quick, after them; it's Putney; he's a burglar. I've caught him at it.'

'And what are you doing, sir, tricked out like this?' thundered the Colonel. Archie's explanation was a somewhat unintelligible one. His great desire was to get to the stables and saddle a horse. Pulling at his skirts he ran as fast as his uncomfortable costume would allow, his father followed him, and the butler rang the alarm bell. But Mr. Putney's start was too good a one; a fast horse in a cart had been waiting near at hand, and he and his companion were well on the Yarmouth road before a nag could be saddled. Archie followed for some miles, but having lost all trace and sound he reluctantly returned.

Upstairs the alarm had affected the members of the household in varying ways. The uproar had awakened Miss Wade, and she stood at the head of the stairs, attired in rag curlers, a flannel night-dress, a white shawl hanging loose from the shoulders, enormous bed-socks, and in her hand was a flat candlestick, which she held at arm's length above the banisters. In a voice trembling with emotion she cried, 'Burglars, you say, Archie! see if my powder-blue vases are safe. Oh, and look in the larder and see if that lovely brawn for breakfast has gone. Go at once, Archie.'

'There you are,' said Dickenson to Brewster as the two appeared at their respective doorways. 'What did I tell you? It is that confounded old Aunt Wade walking in her sleep. Damn; she shouldn't be allowed to try her digestion as she does. Disturbing us all like this! We shan't touch a feather to-morrow.' He shut his door with a bang of indignation and was seen no more till morning.

The rest of the household went no more to bed that night. The village policeman was sent for, and in the early hours of the morning a heap of plate, china, and valuables of all sorts was found in the shrubbery under the pantry window. Just within the entrance gates a bundle of clothes was picked up—the ghost's discarded dress—and on the band of the skirt the name was woven: 'Nathan—Costumier.'

The Colonel was in a bad temper for days, 'This comes of advertising for Tom, Dick, and Harry, to come and live in your house,' he told his younger son. Much to Archie's disgust no one complimented him on his notion of masquerading as the ghost; in fact, as the Colonel said, had he not made such a tom-fool of himself he would probably have caught Putney red-handed.

Scotland Yard detectives came and went, but beyond recognising Mr. Putney as a character much wanted by the police, they could do nothing. He was a man of many aliases, and they supposed he had taken the name of Putney out of bravado, because of the very successful raid he had made on that neighbourhood a few months previously.

A year had nearly passed when one morning all the papers announced in a black-letter headline: 'Smart capture of a notorious cracksman.' Mr. Putney had overstepped the bounds of safety at last, and he was caught red-handed while assisting—as an uninvited guest—at a fashionable wedding.

The day after the trial Archie received the following letter,
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which had been smuggled into the hands of Putney's counsel over the dock rails :

DEAR ARCHIE,—The shooting season will soon be with us again. I am to be a guest of His Majesty at Reading for some considerable time, and I don't think the sport is worth troubling after, therefore I wish to present you with the pair of guns by Purdey I left at Chadacre Hall. You know I was always an admirer of art in any of its forms, and when you played your ghost on the top of mine I thought it a very fine performance indeed. Too fine for me, in fact. I wish you a good season. Please convey my kind regards to your father, and might I, without presuming too much, send my love to Aunt Wade ? Tell her I am still as keen as ever on bric-à-brac and objets d'art. Alas ! my collection has been broken up lately. She, who loves those things, will, I know, sympathise with me.

From your old friend,
NAT

P.S.—You need not fear to keep the guns. I borrowed them from a Russian prince, when in Paris some years back. Lately he has been blown up by a bomb so, as they can be of no more use to him, keep them—in remembrance.

CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.

A STAY IN THE ISLAND OF VENUS.

THE island where Venus chose her terrestrial abode—whither

*Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
Læta suas; ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant,*

as described in the tender language of Virgil—must always attract a degree of regard from men. The poet in the verse quoted speaks of Paphos, embowered among the gently swelling hills towards the south-west extremity of Cyprus, but there is still another place sacred to the memory of the goddess—namely, Kythréa, in the east of the island, a lovely village nestling among mulberry and olive groves, and surrounded by the clustering vine on either side of the valley, along which sparkles a perpetually flowing stream. This current of beautiful limpid water, gushing forth from a source whose fount is never exhausted, is one of the few streams of the island that flow in summer and winter alike, and therefore the ever verdant valley of Kythréa is renowned as being among the most fertile of Cyprus. Such, indeed, should be the luxuriance of the land warm from the footprints of Venus Aphrodite.

Locked between the coasts of Africa and Asia Minor, the farthest east of European soil in the Levant, Cyprus in her natural aspect should, one would imagine, partake both of Asiatic profusion and the chaster vigour of Europe. This is so. Among the almond groves, the groves of orange and pomegranate trees of the fertile plains, a dreamy perfume of the Orient pervades the warm air of summer; but ascend to the mountainous country and the traveller will find himself in a region almost of Alpine ruggedness, one of such wildness and solitude, alone with the rude beauty of arid peaks and mountain forests of pines, that the island, notwithstanding its narrow bounds, seems suddenly to expand to the magnitude of a continent, until, from some height overtopping the rest, the blue circle of the sea is perceived almost beneath one's feet. This sense of rude magnificence is heightened by the primitive customs of the country people. The rustic population, scanty in number, is far from filling the wide area over which it is scattered, and in the western part of the island in particular the soil is but

titled in isolated patches, marking the proximity of a tiny village settlement. Conceive a country compact in itself and almost entirely enclosed by ranges of mountains rising up from the sea, as it were, to form a rampart against intercourse with the countries beyond. Barely two months since and the railway, which has invaded the Holy Land, was altogether unknown; and even now it has penetrated merely the eastern segment of the island, funds lacking as yet for its extension to any considerable distance west of the capital—Nicosia. Living in the midst of the mountain peasantry, one comes into that close contact with Nature which yields the store of strangely new experiences and sensations of which the existence of primitive mankind was made up—all those things, in fact, to which the modern man, immured in cities, is growing insensible. In such primitive society, with what vivid force and freshness is it possible to realise at last the meaning of the ancient poets, to understand the poetry of pastoral wealth in flocks and herds, the fruit of Bacchus and the rich flow of the wine-press, winter stores of grain, cheese and honey, and Penelope feeding her chickens! This is existence in its rudiments. Here man is all-sufficient to himself, aided by the bounty of Nature. A narrow valley is his world, his universe. No stranger may show his face, no foreign product may find its intrusive way to add to the burdensome comforts of life. So be it; there is no need for either. Within a radius of a mile or two our Cyprian mountain-dweller discovers everything needful for his frugal habits—subsistence, clothing, and shelter. Failing wool, he has but to attire himself in the silk tissues spun from the cocoons of the mulberry plantations. To the jaded man, fleeing awhile from the turmoil of urbane civilisation, the spectacle of such serene independence and contentment on what, according to Solomon, is a globe of vanities, braces the nerves like the first shiver of dawn in the hills.

Mount Olympus, with its snow-capped summit glowing, under the radiance of the sun, with roseate hues, is the culminating point of Cyprus, rising some 6,500 feet above its western extremity. From the summit of Olympus the eye embraces the whole expanse of the island, whose true proportions are then realised, the Mediterranean being within the range of vision on all four sides of the horizon. This is not, of course, the Olympus of the muses to which the inspired flew on the wings of Pegasus; but, nevertheless, among its valleys is one in which a pleasant court of mortals

assembles every summer—Troodos, the Simla of the island, where the High Commissioner, his staff, the garrison troops, and a goodly muster of British officials, with their wives, resort together for the hot months from July to the latter days of September. Apart from a mild portion of roughing it to go through, which rather spices the game with an added zest, Troodos is a place whence visitors can carry back none but the pleasantest memories. At an altitude of 5,000 feet or more above the sea, the views are splendid; the air, laden with the subtle scent of pines, is always fresh and exhilarating; while the nights tingle with a crispness that sets the blood delightfully racing through one's veins. There can scarcely be elsewhere in Cyprus any mountain excursion to equal in loveliness the final climb, starting from Platras, on the long road from Limassol to Troodos. Enchanting vistas of sylvan scenery, strewn about with craggy rocks, tossed from the heights above, open up at every step before the traveller's eyes; and the higher he rises in the ascent so widens the panorama of the island below, with the undulations and vast amphitheatres of the south gleaming in the sunshine, each of the latter spacious enough to hold within its tiers of chalk twenty Roman coliseums. To those who mount the Troodos for the first time it almost passes comprehension that among the woods and the rocks of the peaks to which we strain our gaze, seemingly among the clouds, there will be found an established settlement of civilised beings, surrounded by many of the refinements of the West. Yet the broad, smooth, well-swept carriage road is to the most cursory observation a sure sign that Authority, with its mace and sceptre, is dwelling somewhere on the mountain. And soon, if we take the right path, a turn of the road will bring us in view of the place where Authority resides. Cosiness, the cultured cosiness of English country homes, is what seems to breathe from every corner of Government Cottage. Built of flint-stone, with red-tiled, gabled roof and porches, the windows, from behind their green shutters, look out upon the well-trimmed lawns and paths of a garden shaded by trees, one of which, a majestic fir, facing the entrance porch, shoots up far above the topmost gable of the roof: a tent in the centre—several rustic nooks here and there, suggest rest and desultory reading and quiet chat over afternoon tea in the open. Even a High Commissioner, one is emboldened to think, should feel contented in so charming a retreat as this. Naturally structures of such pretensions as Government Cottage are confined to the greater

dignitaries of the island, and the rest of the community make their dwelling, with all the pleasure in the world, in the huts and tents set up, each where he likes best, in the broad and beautiful valley of Troodos itself. This, at its lofty elevation, with its magnificent sweep of heathery down, not hemmed in by frowning walls of granite, but open and expanding in form, yet nevertheless sheltered, is unquestionably the most delectable valley of the whole of Cyprus. Wondrous are the nights, with an unclouded firmament resplendent with myriad stars, melting in pure effulgence from a hundred constellations, upon which one might gaze for an eternity and never tire, with all the rapture of musing Plato; or, should we tire of the ethereal spheres, in mundane comforts Troodos is pre-eminent above all the other pastoral haunts of the island, thanks in great part to the paternal care of a Government which ordains that its troops shall consume such and such a quantum of beef and of white bread per diem. Elsewhere domestic difficulties of the most serious kind arise during rustication from the great disadvantage under which Cyprus labours in country parts through the scarcity of cattle, caused by the dearth of green pastures whereon to feed them. Desperate resolutions are of little avail when the heart is sick with longing for some magic change in the *régime* of goat's milk and its concomitants in the national dairy produce of Cyprus. Unavailing is it to dream of transforming gold into a bowl of foamy cow's milk, or a pat of creamy butter swathed in dewy cabbage leaves. Similarly with wheat—so much of a rarity is this divine grain in the island that the British residents and garrison are probably the only people who eat white wheaten bread, the staple bread of the native inhabitants being made of rye flour, more pleasant to the palate than to the digestion. These small privations are naturally remediable, as a last resort, with the aid of Messrs. Tinned and Condensed, as well as with a store of tea, biscuits, and preserves, by which adjuncts, as by the Englishman's terrier dog, the British nationality can be recognised whithersoever it goes. But such minor discomforts as those narrated are not experienced to anything like the same extent in Troodos as elsewhere; and even were they felt they could detract in no wise from the genuine enjoyableness of the valley. Shooting, riding, and lawn tennis on two asphalt courts in a shady spot are all in their heyday, and the British colony throws itself into these amusements with whole-hearted fervour. No one of the party of pleasure-seekers is a stranger to his neighbour, and

therefore a pleasant tone of cordial intimacy prevails. The High Commissioner's receptions are exquisite functions of the Troodos gathering, while numberless garden parties contribute to the general gaiety all through the summer. This season the Olympian circle, as it may be termed, had an accession to its numbers in several parties of Anglo-Egyptians, who ran over from torrid Cairo to snatch a few weeks' rest, and to enjoy the luxury of a dry skin in the mountain air of Cyprus, which will probably in time to come be frequented more and more from Egypt, particularly as an hotel, quite comfortably furnished, has now been opened on Troodos, with good lodging for a score or more of guests.

But Cyprus, as some persons assert to be the case with Switzerland, is in reality seen to less advantage in the summer than in the latter part of winter and the spring; for after May there is a total dearth of running water. The perpetual streams and waterfalls of the island can be counted on the fingers of one hand; and the dried watercourses in the depth of the ravines, the bed of some merry stream or foaming torrent in the spring, are now a cheerless sight to the eyes, while the ear misses sorely the music of the mountain rills, and the deep echoes of the torrents, one crying to the other, heard ceaselessly in Switzerland and Scotland. What, too, in the summer are tracts of parched and arid soil break out in springtime into masses of lovely verdure and flowers. Last year an eminent Norwegian botanist, deputed by the University of Christiania, investigated the flora of Cyprus from north to south and east to west. His mission was to record every plant and tree that finds its *habitat* in the island, and the memoirs in which he will embody the result of his labours should be of extreme interest, particularly as regards the floral transitions from the water season of spring to the drought of summer, and again from the rains of autumn to the winter snows. It is the salvation of Cyprus that her soil seems to possess some magic power of fecundity to sustain the crops in the long interval from rain to rain, irrigation in the present state of the country's finances remaining an achievement to be brought forth by the travail of time. Whereas in England the soil would pant for moisture at the end of a fortnight's abstinence, and every leaf and tender herb would droop, in this gem of the Eastern Mediterranean the perennial plants flourish as though water were a superfluity to them. The carob tree, for instance, whose fruit, the locust bean, one of the chief sources of the island's wealth, is exported by the hundred tons to England as a prime

ingredient in the making of oil-cake and artificial food for cattle, thrives in soil seemingly arid as the desert ; and, keeping it company, is a species of pepper tree, from whose graceful, pendulous boughs, tipped with an acacia-like leaf, but still more delicate, a perfect shower of foliage streams to the ground. The locust bean, if all that is said can be believed, is a product truly utilitarian in the world, and some jocular persons, with a taste for necromancy, solemnly declare that the bean, after undergoing occult chemical processes, returns to the island in the shape of golden syrup and infants' food ! *Telle est la sagesse des arts.*

When the figs and grapes are gathered, the wine-presses running over ruby red, the cocoons of silk rolled in bales for despatch to Marseilles, and the locust bean in store for England, then the harvest festivals of the villagers—Christian survival of the ancient rites of Bacchus and Demeter—proclaim as before in this self-same land the fruitfulness of the earth.

The monasteries of the Orthodox Church play a prominent part in these rustic festivities, though far less numerous and powerful than in former days. The majority of the monastic institutions were subject to the bishops of Greece, through whose extortions they were, summarily or by slow degrees of agony, stripped of their possessions and brought to low estate, if not to ruin. Of the few that were independent the chief was Kykon, the only monastery, indeed, of any dignity left in the island. It is situated fairly high up in the mountains of the north-west, midway between Mount Olympus and Paphos on the coast. As a structure Kykon is a haphazard agglomeration of buildings, of miscellaneous dates, and in various states of preservation, but all cast forth roughly hewn from what was at the best a rude architectural mould. From the eminence on which the monastery stands can be perceived in the far distance the Caramanian mountains of Asia Minor, usually too faint and hazy to be clearly distinguished ; but when snow lies on the mountains they appear in the crystalline air of winter to approach so near as almost to seem within call of the voice. Kykon is hallowed by several pious shrines, and it is held in peculiar veneration throughout the island as the sanctuary whither the husbandman must repair on pilgrimage, when drought afflicts the land, to implore from Heaven the blessing of rain. The monastic establishment consists of about one hundred persons in all, comprising monks, novices, servitors, and workers in the field. As a harbour of rest, the monastery is a

recognised rendezvous among officials and travellers, and the visiting-book in the 'Ecclesia' contains pages of interesting English names to whom hospitality has been extended. To the abbey at the periods of festival flock the peasantry of all the country round, eager to receive the Eucharist and to hear Mass, consolations rarely tasted in their remote dwellings. On these occasions the abbey has all the appearance of a huge caravansary. Lodged in the monastery buildings or encamped in the grounds about are strewn the pilgrims in picturesque confusion among the wares of travelling merchants, as at a fair. A prolonged season of fasting having generally preceded the festivals, the most rigid moralist would be ready to excuse a certain licence in feasting; and, in truth, between one religious ceremony and another there goes on an indescribable medley of bargaining, gossiping, and country mirth. But such feasting as they indulge in is so infinitely meagre as to seem to the curious beholder a euphemism for simply leaving in the pottage the beans and onions religiously strained away during the fast. So, again, there is no goodly refectory to conjure up before the imagination, with the entire hierarchy of the monastery in order of rank seated round a table vast loaded with smoking viands and bumpers brimful of wine. On the stroke of noon each monk in his cell receives a plate heaped up with vegetables and bread. Silence reigns for a time over the abbey. Three minutes later and one observes the same plates being carried back, empty; and so ends the monastic symposium. More striking is the scene at night, when the surrounding hillocks are lit up by a score of fires, and in a circle around groups of figures, with the flames playing on their visages, are lying promiscuously among their asses and mules, gazing fondly at the meat roasting on the spit. A sight of curious interest also is to witness the reception of the High Commissioner when his Excellency is travelling on a tour of inspection and reaches the monastery just as the sun begins to dip behind the hills. Laurel branches are strewn all over the courtyards and galleries, and as soon as the official cavalcade is observed approaching from the valley the bells of the chapel tower are set clanging at a furious rate, while the monks, in their garb of festival, line the entrance, and the abbot advances to greet the distinguished visitor, for whom, on the plateau beneath the monastery windows, a small army of orderlies, cooks, and attendants are labouring away grooming the ponies, pitching the tents, and unpacking enormous piles of kitchen utensils, crockery, and all

the armament of Gaster. The site of the culinary operations is the centre of a hundred gaping monks and peasants, confounded at a larder of such Gargantuan proportions—at the blazing pine-log fire over which are hissing a dozen stew and frying pans, and this both night and morning, for a single breakfast of an English party, with appetites whetted by the mountain air, would provide the whole monastic community with a week's banqueting.

Is there not something deeply impressive in the reflection that in these solitary mountains the candles of a Christian altar have shed their light for centuries, while morning and evening the Mass and Vespers of the Greek liturgy have been chanted by long generations of monks, commencing from the epoch of the Byzantine emperors—for the monastery of Kykon dates its foundation from the twelfth century? A group of legends gathers round the rise of these monastic foundations—a simple but romantic lore such as the memory of that inspired anchorite who, while wandering over the gaunt and silent hills by night, suddenly descries a light, mysterious and unlike any other light, floating on the dark waters of the sea. He hastens down, and reaching the brink he is borne swiftly over the deep by a power more than human until his hands touch the Grail, which he perceives to be an eikon of the Virgin, from the halo about whose pensive face there shines the pure radiance of her spirit. Grasping the treasure, the recluse returns to land, but while crossing a forest sleep overpowers him, and he sinks down beneath a tree in a deep slumber. While thus asleep, clasping the eikon to his breast, the Virgin herself appears gloriously to him in a vision, bidding him build a fane sacred to God on the spot where her image rested. In the traditions held by Kykon it is recounted that the monastery was the pious oblation of the Byzantine Emperor, Alexius Comnenos, in thanksgiving for the miraculous healing of his daughter from sickness by the hermit whose retreat was by the side of the spring whence the monastery still draws its water. Beyond endowing the foundation with lands, the Emperor laid on the altar a gift without price—one of the only three true and veritable eikons of the Virgin Mary. This painting, of which the merest vestige of the lower garments is visible—a rude daub, with all semblance of colour faded away, the remainder of the form and the Madonna face being entirely shielded from mortal gaze, and never unveiled, as a means, we are told, and fain believe, of protecting the image from the ravages of time—still hangs in the central alcove of the altar,

and all, from the abbot down to the illiterate peasant, reverence it as the work of the Apostle St. Luke. It may be observed in passing that the Greek Church does not hold the Latin dogma of the divinity of the Virgin, to whom it renders only such homage as to the most blest of women; and the Greek faith rejects the Roman doctrine that Jesus Christ descended among men invested with the glory of his Godhead, but believes that, in assuming the semblance of man, He assumed to the full the nature of man, though spiritualised by His divinity. The Virgin Mary was thus the mother, not of God, but of man, in perfect shape and attributes. In this, as in other canons of faith, the Eastern Church, which proudly denominates itself the Church Orthodox, adheres steadfastly to the doctrines of the primitive Apostolic Church, of which it professes to be the rightful successor. Some may be disposed not to disagree with this assumption, reflecting upon the antiquity and unbroken sequence of the traditions of the Orthodox Church. May there not be to-day among the inhabitants of Cyprus some descendants of those who drank in the message of St. Paul and St. Barnabas at Salamis? To this day the Testament is recited in the pristine Greek of its authors, and the orisons of the liturgy are those which fell from the lips of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, St. Basil, and St. John Chrysostom.

The tomb of St. Barnabas lies in a peaceful spot close to Salamis and Famagusta, into whose harbour, the finest of the island, the two apostles sailed on their way to Greece. The region around Nicosia and Famagusta abounds in relics of the past; and among these the ruined towers and battlements of Famagusta's citadel are not the least imposing, together with the Gothic church of St. Sophia, once a Christian cathedral, but now a Mohammedan mosque. One of the towers of the old fortress is named the Tower of Othello, and to one of its darksome chambers the legendary history of the island ascribes the tragedy of Desdemona. This was during the occupation of the Venetians, from whom the town was wrested by the Turks.

With so varied an assemblage of antiquities it is strange to think that Cyprus should be so little frequented by European tourists in the winter and spring. The island lies in the path of travel to Egypt and Palestine, but few, if any, tourists deviate from the beaten track to view what is the only country of the gods over which flies the flag of Britain. The temple of Apollo at Salamis, the broken pillars of the shrine where Venus was

worshipped at Kyklia in Paphos—these are memorials of undying interest; and if it is permitted to mingle the sacred with the profane, the now shorn and lowly fragments of the columns against which St. Paul was scourged at Paphos, with the apostle's tomb at Salamis, are monuments to draw within their shadow many a traveller journeying on his Eastern pilgrimage when London is wrapped in the gloom of winter fog. Nicosia is a famous centre for historic excursions. Not farther than an easy morning drive away lies the spot where Idalion once stood of old. At a somewhat farther flight, and northwards from the capital, there confront one another the two most celebrated buildings of the island, one particularly remarkable in the history of Cyprus, and both remarkable from their contrast together. These are the Castle of Hilarion and the monastery of Bella Paise. The former, though erected for strength and to withstand siege and assault, is, strange to relate, far more advanced in decay of the two; but valiant memories, intermingled with the brave names of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the crusading kings of the de Lusignan dynasty, linger among its crumbling walls and bastions, once reckoned impregnable—a boast not unworthy of its fearful situation, poised as the fortress is on the brink of a sheer abyss, which yet had no terrors for the Lusignan queen Charlotte when she fled with her son to seek refuge from the man who had usurped her throne. From here, through a rift in the mountains, can be caught a glimpse of Bella Paise Abbey, beneath the brow of a hill, beautiful even in its ruins. This delicate fabric, with stately grace rearing its arches and pinnacles to the sky, is incomparably the most exquisite piece of architecture in the island. Though Cyprus has been bereft of countless artistic remains, abstracted to enrich the museums of Europe and America, yet in the ruins of Bella Paise the island still retains the choicest gem of the casket.

In the loveliness of much of the scenery and the gratefulness of the climate to the Occidental temperament are found attractions of another order, though of no less degree. The air, while less bracing than that of Switzerland, possesses nevertheless a tonic property of its own derived from the sea breezes impregnated with the balsamic fragrance of the mountain pines; while overhead arches the pure azure of those sapphire skies sung by the poets. The difference between the two climates is best illustrated in the contrast between the softer outlines of the Cyprus landscape and the tremendous cataclysms of Switzerland—the true playground

of the Titans. Pleasant society is always to be found among the English circles in the towns, particularly Nicosia, which is the capital, the seat of Government, and the residence of the High Commissioner. It is in Nicosia where is situated the English church, the interior of which was this spring adorned by a new altar-piece and reredos, together with embellishments of the chancel, in memory of the late Archdeacon Spencer.

Few visitors but will be charmed with the frank and open manners of the country people. With rare exceptions, when not sophisticated by a too familiar intercourse with the outside world, they are simple-minded and simple-hearted, hospitable within their slender means, and courteous to the stranger. Their 'Kalamera!' (good morning) and 'Kalaspira!' (good evening) are the cheeriest of salutations on the road; and one is sometimes inclined to imagine a similitude between them and the Doric mountaineers of old, especially as beneath the hale of their sunburnt faces there is not unseldom to be detected the Hellenic cast of features in all its classic purity. The softness of their voices, too, will strike pleasantly on the ear after the discordant harshness of the Arabs of Egypt. In the national music of the mountains, however, there runs that strain of plaintive wildness which recalls the dirge-like cadence of Arabic singing, for all the world like a weird incantation chanted to weave a spell over the listener. Like it, too, the tones are in minor keys, rising by slow *crescendo* into a shrill clamour of loud-pitched notes. In Cyprus, Egypt, and Ireland the spirit of song, sadly epicurian, is the same, but whereas the Arab, saturnine at heart, a fatalist by nature and by creed, is incapable of that thoughtless levity denoting a sunniness of humour, essentially European, the Cyprian peasant, like the son of Erin, is blessed more or less with a natural gaiety of disposition. In journeying through the mountains at summer-time, it sometimes happens that one is arrested by the vision of a green and shady spot where the sward beneath the trees is trodden merrily by a party of laughing dancers, returning, maybe, from a pilgrimage or on their way back from a country wedding. The violin and zither are setting the time to the dancers with a rustic tune. The young men seem to have all the dancing to themselves, while the girls and women look on. As one pair of dancers retire, another, throwing off their jackets, step forward in their place. The pastimes of this plastic people are neither violent nor exuberant; and the movements of the men's dance are rather languorous than graceful and spirited. Facing

one another, the two dancers advance and retreat together to a slow measure of the music, the arms moving rhythmically with the feet. In his pastimes, too, the native of Cyprus observes a sobriety, common besides to the South in general, which to the people of the North, no matter where, would be associated rather with bitter privation than with rejoicing.

The women are prepossessing in the extreme, and are all the more beautiful as their countenances wear a sweet and tender gravity imprinted by the soft regularity of their features. Even when old there is seldom seen that irremediable hideousness so repulsive in the woman of the Orient proper. The beautiful colour and transparent clearness of their complexion seem often to outlast the years of womanly prime. Though the Cyprian peasant woman labours in the field, if so arduous a term is not a misnomer in Cyprus, where Millet would have sought in vain for the pathos of another *Angelus*, as much as she is more refined in looks and in feelings, so she enjoys a far higher regard from the masculine kind than the woman beneath the unrelenting sky of the East; and so nine times out of ten one sees the petticoat in the saddle and trousers dutifully trudging by her side along the road.

The feminine dress, whether combined or not with the skirt, comprises always the Turkish trousers, which are worn not without grace. As the islanders are gifted with all the Eastern fancy for varied and vivid colours, the gorgeousness of their festive costumes is not uncommonly overpowering. One of the comeliest women among the guests at a country wedding party was thus attired: Her blue petticoat of no less delicate a tint than Prussian blue was surmounted by a vest of brilliant crimson satin, braided with gold. Around her head was wound a kerchief of yellow silk flaring in the sunshine. As to her stockings, which more than peeped beneath the hem of her petticoat—itsself, ladies may be interested to learn, voluminous as a crinoline—their bleached whiteness well set off the stout black boots in which her feet were encased.

Among the more engaging traits of the peasantry in general are the beautifully vague notions they possess of time and haste. An American, for instance, wishing to disabuse himself of the modern obsession that time, double-quick time, is money, would do well to cross the few thousand miles between the United States and Cyprus to learn the truth of the matter. It was a question of sailing from Paphos to Limassol, and the traveller, one of those beings consumed by the same demon of haste, was inland about

twenty-five miles from Paphos ; in short, he wished to perform the journey, a matter of sixty miles altogether by mule and boat, in three days. Interrogating the elder of a village who was sufficiently enlightened to speak broken English, this was the artless advice returned : ' Well, you can do that. There is a boat sailing from Paphos every fifteen days, and if it has left when you arrive there, why, you can wait for the next ! ' It will be agreed that more contemptible philosophies than this have been propounded by some peripatetics in the world. Between the towns of some consequence are laid excellent roads, wide and hard metalled highways suitable for the most luxurious postchaise travelling to be procured in the island. But travellers who mean to explore the more remote places must be ready for a certain amount of rough riding through a labyrinth of mountain spirals winding tortuously up to Heaven only to sink down again to Limbo. It behoves one particularly to be circumspect in the choice of mules. Those with the equine strain prevailing over the asinine should be invariably picked out for a mount answering readily to the bit without being any the less sure-footed than the obdurate quadruped which the inexperienced are too often given to bestride. We will grant all the virtues with which natural philosophers in their writings have endowed the sagacious mule. But after all, whoever knows the thrilling sense of mutual intelligence possible between a rider and his horse, the sense of command over strength and fleetness, will soon weary of the plodding mulish gait. There are sturdy mountain ponies in Cyprus, but, unfortunately they are rarely to be had on hire, and one must trust to the good offices of friends to procure them. The same is true of the leather saddle. Unprovided with that, one is condemned to the clumsy pack-saddle of the country, one of the most amazing contrivances of caparison ever invented, hoisted on to which one might as well be astride a clothes-horse for all the impulse that can be imparted through the flanks of one's steed.

Cyprus is a paradise of fruits ; and so renowned are the pomegranates of Famagusta that the Khedive of Egypt is said to eat one at breakfast every morning of the year. But man does not live on fruit alone, and the traveller who strays from the towns will therefore be wise in conveying with his baggage a few creature comforts, the most indispensable of which experience teaches to be biscuits, tea, and chocolate ; while a few tins of tongue and salmon, as well as preserved butter and condensed milk, would never be amiss for those who do not relish a fare of goat's flesh and milk at every

meal. But notwithstanding the aversion of Europeans for joints of goat, the hardy mountain people of Cyprus entertain the liveliest faith in its virtues. 'In this climate,' they say, 'where we and our forefathers were reared, we know without a doubt that it is the only wholesome meat for man's food.' More singularly still, they assert that no other strength-giving flesh is to be found, least of all, mutton, which they regard with the contempt of a strong man for chicken broth. From this innate conviction they exonerate the English, of whose invulnerability they stand in secret awe. It is not, however, irrational to conceive that as the summer grows in intensity, drying up all the pastures, the sheep, no longer finding herbage to browse upon, must inevitably become sick, its flesh, therefore, losing its natural soundness, while the goat, on the contrary, is quite in its element among the wild plants of the mountains.

Wine, the Comandaria wine of the country, is everywhere plentiful. It is a sweet, full-bodied wine, not unlike Marsala, and extremely luscious to the taste, but by no means a substitute for the invigorating dry wines of France. There being few inns in the country places, the traveller will often be obliged to seek the hospitality of the monasteries, where he will always find shelter and entertainment (best supplemented from his own stores of provisions, as before explained, particularly during the numerous fasts of the Church). No retribution will be asked in return, but the guest will leave in the chapel offertory what parting vail he wishes to present.

Communications with abroad are unfortunately on a not much better pattern than inland; but there is some talk of their being improved by a new company to connect with the Peninsular and Oriental Brindisi service at Port Saïd. At present the only regular service with the island is that run weekly by the Asia Minor Company's steamers from Alexandria and Port Saïd. Besides this route, there are occasional, and tolerably regular, sailings by the Messageries Maritimes from Marseilles, *viâ* Beyrout, and by the Austrian Lloyd from Trieste *viâ* Alexandria. The question of rendering Cyprus more easily accessible is the one great reform needed to promote its attractiveness as a place of tourists' resort.

One matter will fill the visitor with wonder: why, with so magnificent a stretch of territory, the British garrison in Cyprus should be so infinitesimally small. The island is spacious enough to contain whole battalions, while what actually represents the British army is but several companies of infantry. There may have been political susceptibilities to avoid wounding which caused the

withdrawal of the main body of our troops; but as far as the inhabitants of Cyprus themselves are concerned, many would undoubtedly rejoice at an increase of the garrison, for unless the military authorities committed the mistake of procuring the bulk of their supplies direct from England, to augment the garrison would mean a greater flow of money among local merchants; and prosperous trading—is it a truism to say?—palliates many political grievances. Furthermore, from the standpoint of military policy, what comparison can there be drawn between Malta—a burning rock, notoriously unhealthy, and so overcrowded as barely to allow space for the exercises of an awkward squad—and Cyprus, healthy in all seasons, whose wide range of mountain and plain is adapted to the evolutions of armies? With Gibraltar at the western gate of the Mediterranean, Cyprus occupying an admirable strategical position at the door of Asia Minor and the East, and Malta equidistant between them, no shifting of the political equilibrium in the Mediterranean could shake British power. But at present Cyprus is in a totally defenceless state, not a single fortification worthy of the name existing throughout its coasts although in the harbour of Famagusta, the Salamis of antiquity, is provided the natural site for a naval and military arsenal of the first rank. Authorities concede it to be without question one of the finest harbours of the Mediterranean; but Cyprus pays tribute to Turkey, nominally it may be, as the money in reality serves the holders of Ottoman bonds, the interest on which is guaranteed jointly by the British and French Governments. Nevertheless, so long as this *status quo* endures, so long must the British island dependency of the Levant remain a questionable unit in the homogeneity of the Empire.

Is there any other portion of the geographical area of Europe where the camel is to be found? One is safe in thinking not. He is, however, met with in Cyprus, the same as ever, with his stately desert stride and inscrutable expression of watchful malignity. Another African phenomenon hardly less inexplicable is the presence at the southern port of Cyprus, Limassol, and perhaps at others, of several swarthy sons of Ham, with skins of the deepest ebony, proclaiming in unmistakable fashion Nubia and Upper Egypt. But address them in vernacular Arabic and they respond with a vacant stare. Cyprian Greek is their language, and the dialect of their race is a speech not comprehended of them.

W. A. T. ALLEN.

THE LIBRARY OF JOHN STUART MILL.

SOME of that large and increasing band of persons who take a kindly interest in the education of women will remember that about two years ago the new library of Somerville College, Oxford, was opened by Mr. John Morley, whose presence on that occasion was rightly held to betoken goodwill to the cause. In his speech Mr. Morley commented on the 'empty shelves' in the midst of which he then stood. That those shelves are no longer so conspicuously empty is due in the first place to the generosity of Miss Helen Taylor, who has given Mill's library to Somerville College, and in the second place to Mr. Morley, who suggested that destination for Miss Taylor's gift. The appropriateness of the gift will be acknowledged by all who remember John Stuart Mill's championship of women; and though its full value will doubtless be only gradually appreciated by generations of grateful readers as they dig out the buried treasure, the matter seemed interesting and important enough to justify a few words of published comment.

Women who seek the higher education have hitherto been for the most part poor, and endowments for their benefit comparatively few. These facts have been reflected even in their libraries, which have had to be supplied on strictly utilitarian principles; there has been no margin for books of the kind which librarians regard as 'luxuries,' such as old editions, or books on the fine arts. Somerville College has indeed secured, partly by generous subscription, partly by a wise lavishness in the use of its own funds, a building worthy to house the best of libraries: a long and well-proportioned room, plainly fitted with fine oak, its ample windows catching every ray of sunshine by day and moonshine by night, its walls lapped round by a tide of that matchless green turf which is one of Oxford's wonders. Yet the regular expenditure on books was but slowly filling the shelves, until Miss Taylor increased the contents of Somerville's library by nearly one-third.

The library of any distinguished man is interesting in itself as a witness to his tastes, and although this collection appears to represent only a part of John Stuart Mill's whole library—the books which

he had with him at Avignon having been sold there after his death—it is impossible not to regard these books as evidences of the bent of his mind. Many of them are, of course, the ‘books no library should be without,’ and of these it is necessary to say nothing, except that in many cases the Somerville Library had been without them hitherto, and received them with gratitude. But there are also a great number of ‘luxuries,’ precious in themselves, doubly interesting as having been chosen or valued by Mill. The latter class falls into the two groups of the books remarkable in themselves, and those which derive their interest from their connection with a conspicuous and original writer.

The eye of a collector would probably be first arrested by a considerable number of small classical texts, bound in faded leather. They are ‘Elzevirs’—issued by that famous Walloon family of Elseviers, who settled at Leyden in the sixteenth century, and became publishers who for three generations produced excellently printed editions of the classics. Mill’s collection includes a Claudian of 1665, certain orations put together in 1652, and some of Cicero’s works, among which should be specially noted a ‘*Philosophica*’ of 1642. None of these, probably, are earlier than the third generation of the Elzevirs; but the ‘*Philosophica*,’ a most exquisitely printed small duodecimo volume containing nearly 900 pages, bears the distinctive mark of Isaac Elzevir, a device which he invented, consisting of a man gathering grapes from a vine climbing over a tree and the motto ‘*Non solus*.’ It is also, I think, the only book in the library which bears in full the autograph of James Mill, with the date 1793.

A still older book is a collection of minor Greek writers, printed for the first time in this edition, at Paris, in 1557, and, like the Elzevirs, a real Renaissance book. But the gem of the whole collection is another neat duodecimo, under the portentous title, first in Greek and then in Latin,

[*Ammonii Hermiae in quinque voces Porphyrii Commentarius*,

and below the Anchor and Dolphin, and the words ‘*Venetiiis, 1546*,’ which prove it to be a real ‘Aldine.’ It is not, however, the work of the original ‘Aldus,’ that most attractive Teobaldo or Aldo Mannucci, scholar and humanist, the friend of Pico of Mirandola, the man who combined the trades of printer and editor because he hoped so to preserve to the world in their purest form the Greek writings which he loved. It was he, we are told, whose house-

hold talked Greek, and it was he who founded an 'Academy of Hellenists,' to which Erasmus and Linacre belonged; yet it was he also, with the patriotic feeling which so often distinguished the first converts of the New Learning, who printed the works of Dante and Petrarch, and cast a type for them which is said to have been modelled on the handwriting of Petrarch. But though Aldo died in 1514, the noble tradition of his work was revived by his son Paolo in 1533, and it is from his hand, probably, that the book described above has come. That it is valuable enough to attract a scholar is clear from an inscription written faintly on the fly-leaf of the first volume: 'This is indeed a *liber rarissimus*, and was bought by me at Norwich upon the sale of Mrs. Hobson's books. S. P.' Who is 'S. P.'? The title-page shows: in each volume, it bears in crabbed letters the legend 'Samuel Parr. *Liber rarus*.' It is nearly as good as to have a book of Dr. Johnson's; for it really once belonged to that ardent book-lover and indifferent schoolmaster whom Leslie Stephen called the 'Whig Johnson,' who made himself famous in Pitt's time by his literary quarrels, his admiration for Bentham, whom he aspired to rival, and the handwriting (here enshrined) which was so illegible that when he wrote to ask for two lobsters, his correspondent read it as a request for two eggs.

But the list of seventeenth-century books is much longer. There is a duodecimo edition of Bacon's 'Novum Organum Scientiarum,' a beautiful little book, published at Amsterdam in 1660, 'sumptibus Joannis Ravensteiny, editio secunda.' There is a fine Spinoza, bound up, as was so often the case with books of this period, with a work by another author. The whole title runs as follows: 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus, cui adjunctus est Philosophia Sanctae Scripturae Interpres, ab Authore longè emendatior, 1674'; and its history¹ is curious. The first two impressions of Spinoza's tract were, it appears, made at Hamburg, in 1670. The publication of the book was then prohibited; and the next three reprints, two at Amsterdam and one at Leyden, came out in 1673 under false titles. In the following year appeared the issue of which we have here a copy, 'sine loco,' and accompanied by the 'Scripturae Interpres' of Ludwig Meyer, who was a friend of Spinoza; it is, in fact, a contraband book which yet could not be suppressed.

¹ I am indebted for these facts to the researches of Mr. W. H. Hadow, of Worcester College, who kindly permits them to be used.

One of the pleasantest books, both to possess and to handle, is the two-volume quarto Hobbes (*'Opera Philosophica quae Latine scripsit'*) produced by Blaeu at Amsterdam in 1668. Allibone calls it a beautiful edition; and it is comforting to think that the poor old cynic, whose declining years were embittered by the interdiction of so many of his books in England, may have derived consolation from this *'édition de luxe,'* emanating from that more liberal city which his contemporaries sometimes affectionately called *'Eleutheropolis.'* This Hobbes bears the name not only of *'J. Mill,'* but also of *'H. Dodwell.'* As usual, we have small means of making sure who this may be, and are accordingly permitted to speculate. There were two Henry Dodwells, father and son, and both interesting, though differing widely from one another. The elder was born in 1641, the year in which Strafford fell, and died in 1711, so that he lived through an age of violent political and intellectual changes. He was a scholar and a theologian of no mean repute, but memorable still more for the high-minded scrupulousness which kept him a layman because he thought he could serve the Church better if no suspicion of self-interest attached to his words and deeds, and which prompted him in 1691 to resign the position which he held in the University of Oxford, because he could not take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary. His post was that of *'Camden Praelector'* in history, and it was by no means certain that his case came under the Act requiring the oath, since he was not nominally a professor; but he refused to avail himself of this loophole, and withdrew into a life of learned retirement, first at Oxford and afterwards at Cookham, near Maidenhead. Little more, it seems, is known of his life, beyond what may be gleaned from his voluminous writings; but any library would be glad to have a book which had belonged to the upright nonjuring layman.

The younger Henry Dodwell was his eldest son, born somewhere about 1700, and remembered only for his pamphlet called *'Christianity not founded on Reason.'* His contemporaries appear to have been puzzled to determine whether the book was a plea for the new view of religion which the Methodists were beginning to expound, or a *'deistical'* attack upon Christianity as a whole, and the question is not finally solved, though Canon Overton, the biographer of the Dodwells, believes that the latter opinion is the more probable. The younger Henry lived on until 1784, that is, into the lifetime of James Mill; it seems likely therefore

that if this Hobbes belonged to either of the two celebrated Dodwells, it was to the Deist and not to the Nonjuror. There is nothing decisive, as far as I can judge, about the handwriting of the autograph.

Another and rarer Hobbes is the quaint work entitled 'A True Ecclesiastical History from Moses to the Time of Martin Luther, in verse. Made English for the first time from the Latin Original,' London, 1722. The history of this little book is curious, and by no means free from obscurity. Even the Latin original was only published after Hobbes' death, in 1679, and very little appears to be known about the translation. It has a high-sounding preface, which begins as follows: 'Behold, courteous Reader, an ecclesiastical History not forged by a monk, nor drawn up by a clergyman; but proceeding from a Layman, a Philosopher, even from Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury . . . produced in hoary years and Maturity of Judgment. Our Author chose to cloath his sentiments in Verse, because the Oracles of Apollo were utter'd in Heroicks; and Pythagoras, that Great Master of Wisdom, would suffer none of his Precepts to appear, without the sanction of the Muses.' This is a translation of the preface to the edition of 1688, which is attributed (doubtfully by Sidney Lee, confidently by Molesworth and Croom Robertson) to Thomas Rymer, the compiler of the celebrated 'Foedera.' But who made the translation? Not Hobbes himself, it is to be presumed. The English version is not included by Molesworth in Hobbes' English works; Dr. Croom Robertson alludes to it as 'a loose metrical translation by some one'; and Hobbes himself referred in his autobiography to the Latin poem, which he says was composed in his eightieth year, without any mention of an English translation. That as verse it is not too bad to be fathered on Hobbes is unfortunately true. It is 'utter'd in Heroicks,' like the oracles of Apollo—heroic couplets which frequently become triplets, and which betray a most uneasy tendency to slide into alexandrines. A brief example will serve. It is a dialogue between two interlocutors, *Primus* and *Secundus*.

- Secundus.* Pray what is Heresy? Report alone,
The heinous scandals, on each other thrown,
Make me imagine it all crimes in one.
- Primus.* When Priest with Priest & Sect with Sect engag'd
Hurl'd dreadful threats, & Paper Battles wag'd,
Such Tongue Contentions, and such bloody Wars
Amongst the Learned World, were term'd Heretick Jar

For holy Fathers in that early Time
 Who in the Saints' Assembly sat sublime
 Thought Dulness no Default, nor Ignorance a Crime. . . .
 These pious Men for sound Religion sought,
 Whose Hearts were zealous, though their Heads were nought.

And so forth, for several thousand verses, some a little better and some worse. Posterity has allowed it to be forgotten that Hobbes ever essayed poetry; but in case it be deemed an insult to the great philosopher even to assert that he did *not* write the translation, we may be allowed momentarily to disinter what has long been decently buried in oblivion, a fragment of Hobbes' translation of Homer. It is in quatrains, and recalls Milton's famous repudiation of 'the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming,' which he said was 'the invention of a barbarous age, to set off . . . a lame metre.' Take a single example from the 'Iliad':

Then Hector smiling look'd upon his son,
 And to him weeping said Andromache,
 'My dear, you'll by your courage be undone,
 And this your son a wretched orphan be. . . .
 And then a woeful widow shall be I,
 And have no comfort in this world at all . . .
 For pity's sake then on this turret stay,
 Lest fatherless your son, I widow be,
 And set your armed people in array,
 And those that aid you at the syc'more tree.'

'And then a woeful widow shall be I.' There is something almost reminiscent of John Bunyan in the baldness of these verses, without the clarity that made John Bunyan once at least a poet. Even Hobbes cannot wholly conceal what Homer meant; doubtless this is a translation for which many a schoolboy might be grateful. It would be a profanation to quote in this medium the parting of the husband and wife which follows; but in the passages which are not so far removed from his reach, Hobbes' work is spirited enough as English verse. Nor was he under any illusion as to its merits. He wrote it, he tells us, in his eighty-seventh year, and justifies it, wicked old humourist that he was, as follows: 'Why then did I write it?—Because I had nothing else to do. Why publish it?—Because I thought it might take my adversaries off from showing their folly upon my more serious writings.' So Hobbes the irrepressible at eighty-six.

It may, therefore, I think, be fairly argued that there is no inherent impossibility in his having re-written in prosy couplets

the Latin poem which he had previously composed, but the evidence seems inconclusive either way.

Among famous printers and publishers a place is due to the honourable name of the brothers Foulis. In the eighteenth century instead of the sunny sixteenth, in Glasgow instead of Venice, they did according to their lights for Britain what the Aldi had done for Italy. Together the two brothers, Robert and Andrew, travelled to Oxford and Paris, visited libraries, collected and collated manuscripts, and then returned to Glasgow as printers to the University, and issued their famous texts. In 1744, when the so-called 'immaculate' Horace, since proved to contain six errors, was printed, the Foulis, in their zeal for accuracy, hung up the proof-sheets in the College and offered prizes to students if they would find errata. This seems a most praiseworthy method of stimulating the desire for scholarship in the young, and simultaneously saving the labour of proof-correcting. From the same year 1744 came a beautiful little Marcus Aurelius 'Quæ ad seipsum,' in Greek and Latin, which Mill obtained and put among his books. Later they produced a Plautus, which is also in this collection. Later again, in 1773, the two brothers visited Dr. Johnson when he came to Scotland. Boswell's account of the interview is too characteristic to be omitted. 'They teased him,' says Boswell, who had left the scholars alone together, 'with questions and doubtful disputations. He came in a flutter to me, and desired I might come back again, for he could not bear those men. "O ho! Sir!" said I, "you are flying to me for refuge!" He never, in any situation, was at a loss for a ready repartee. He answered with quick vivacity, "It is of two evils choosing the least." It was a thankless task to show Dr. Johnson Scotland.

Another pair of brother-publishers, and more celebrated than the Foulis, were the two Dodsleys, Robert and James, of whom the elder is remembered for his valuable collection of the 'Old Plays.' Robert is an interesting person, whose humble and useful career was not without romance. The son of a poor schoolmaster in Nottinghamshire, he seems to have been apprenticed at first to a stocking-maker, but afterwards to have entered the service of a lady as footman. But he entertained literary ambitions, and produced some 'smooth verses,' we learn, 'on the Duties and Proper Behaviour of Servants.' He wrote several plays, and was befriended by Pope; but was destined to be remembered far more as the publisher of Burke and Pope and Johnson 'at the sign of Tully's Head in Pall Mall,'

than as the author of 'Cleone,' a tragedy in which Dr. Johnson said there was 'more blood than brains.' Robert got into trouble for publishing a satire called 'Manners,' which, as the 'Gentleman's Magazine' records in 1739, 'was voted scandalous by the Lords, and the author and publisher ordered into custody, where Mr. Dodsley was a week, but Mr. Paul Whitehead [the author] absconds.' In 1759 he retired in favour of his brother James, who later reissued the Old Plays, and was as pleasant and inoffensive a creature as ever walked. It is recorded of James that 'he kept a carriage many years, but studiously wished that his friends should not know it, nor did he ever use it on the eastern side of Temple Bar.'

Two years before Robert Dodsley withdrew from business, he had published an anonymous work called 'A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.' It is a neat octavo volume; the first page informs the reader that its 'Price bound' is three shillings, and this modest claim is succeeded by a still more modest preface explaining how the author has been 'led to make the enquiry' which follows by discovering that 'he was far from having anything like an exact theory of our passions, or a knowledge of their genuine sources' and how he 'now ventures to lay it before the public, proposing his notions as probable conjectures, not as things certain and indisputable.' So early did the caution of a scholar and the humility of a philosopher show themselves in Edmund Burke!

It is time to speak of the books interesting from the point of view of Mill's personal history. The range of subject is noteworthy. The matters nearest his heart are best represented by his own works, of which a large and valuable selection is included in this gift. Not the least striking, in this aspect, was a pile of pamphlets on various political subjects, especially those connected with the interests of women. Philosophy, ancient and modern; law, including the whole of Bentham's works; political economy; a considerable section of theological books, among which is a respectable work in ancient boards by one Gamaliel Smith, bearing the autograph of Jeremy Bentham, and the entire works of Ralph Cudworth on the 'True Intellectual System of the Universe . . . wherein all the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted and its Impossibility demonstrated etc.'; classical and modern literature, especially French literature, which includes Voltaire in sixty-six volumes and Fénelon in ten; history, comprising a fine edition of Clarendon on the Rebellion, 'printed at the Theater'

in Oxford, 1707-1712; all the older English novelists, but few of the more modern—these, together with much that is hard to classify, like light works on music and gardening, form the more salient features of the collection. The English literature is curious; it strikes the investigator as the selection of a cultivated man of affairs, not that of a lover of letters *par excellence*. It finds room certainly for a fair amount of poetry, notably for one little volume of Marvell of 1772, endorsed in an unknown hand 'from D. Garrick's sale'; but it does not suggest a man to whom poetry is a primary necessity of life. One is reminded of Mill's account of his own early training, in which small space was left for either modern literature or æsthetic cultivation of any kind; of his lifelong preference for Wordsworth, as 'the poet of unpoetical natures,' because he was, in Mill's view, the exponent rather of thought than of feeling; and of Mill's words concerning his latter years in which he tells us how he thought to lead 'a purely literary life, if that can be called literary which continued to be occupied in a pre-eminent degree with politics, and not merely with theoretical, but practical politics.' This bias of his fate, or rather this bent of his genius, is clearly reflected in his library.

Finally, it remains to indicate a few of the books which commemorate Mill's friendships, and the intellectual world in which he lived.

Singularly few of his books contain Mill's autograph, but very many contain those of their authors, often with a few kind words from men whose friendship was a distinction. A little paper pamphlet of Herbert Spencer's: 'Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte,' is sent 'from the author'; and later came his 'Education,' 'with the author's compliments.' F. D. Maurice sent his 'Modern Philosophy' when it first came out, in 1862. The second edition of Cairnes' 'Slave Power'—the book which proved slavery to be bad economy when the world was just waking up to the fact that it was wrong—came to him 'with the author's regards.' Darwin sent him 'The Descent of Man,' 'with great respect from the author'; and de Tocqueville's 'Ancien Régime,' sent as a 'souvenir d'estime et d'amitié,' shows that Mill's interest in France was reciprocated by one of her most distinguished writers.

But foremost in interest as the record of a famous friendship stand the books given to Mill by Carlyle. There are many first editions of Carlyle in this library: 'Heroes' and 'Latter-day

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Pamphlets' are there uninscribed; 'Past and Present' has Miss Taylor's name in Carlyle's hand. 'The Life of John Sterling,' 1851, contains this on the first page: 'To John S. Mill, Esq., with many kind remembrances. T. C.—Chelsea, 16 Oct., 1851.' The biography of Sterling—a common friend, and one of those elusive personalities which make an impression on contemporaries so vivid and abiding that posterity respects, although it cannot wholly understand it—is a most intimate memorial of the personal relation between Carlyle and Mill. Carlyle wrote with profound admiration of his hero, but in his accustomed sweeping style, which roused Mill to do in the case of this book what was not apparently his habit, to make marginal notes in pencil. Here we have his own hand, and his comment on a matter where his knowledge was probably unique; and the pencil corrections are consequently so characteristic of both these great men as to be worth reproducing. Speaking of John Sterling's Cambridge days, and the foreshadowing of his later views with regard to the Church, Carlyle quotes a speech which he was said to have made at the Union while still an undergraduate, containing these words: 'Have not they (*sc.* Churchmen) a black dragoon in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse-meat and man's meat, to patrol and battle for these things?' The word 'dragoon' is underlined, and in the margin is written 'Hussar I believe it was.' Again, when Carlyle says, at a later stage of Sterling's career, that he did not yet 'at all' denounce the Utilitarian theory of human things 'with the damnatory vehemence we were used to in him at a later period,' Mill writes beside the words—'Yes he did'! After 1828, when his connection with the 'Athenæum' had brought Sterling to London, and so into contact with Mill, and the friendship had been formed that lasted till Sterling's death, Carlyle says that at one period Sterling was 'contemplating root-and-branch innovation by aid of the hustings and ballot-box': and to this Mill has written 'Not the fact, for he opposed ballot.' Finally, to Carlyle's fervent exclamation that Sterling could never have remained in the 'Philosophy of Denial,' Mill adds the dry and pertinent question, 'Denial of what?'

These reminiscences, suggestive as they are of the familiar intercourse of three famous men, seem to make the most fitting close to a survey, brief and rambling and necessarily imperfect, of the many interests attaching to the library of John Stuart Mill.

ROSE SIDGWICK.

*OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE—A STUDY IN TYPES.*¹

It is strange that the world, again awake to the charm of 'Friendship's Garland,' should have allowed to fall out of print a little book entitled 'Sketches from Cambridge by a Don,' written by the late Sir Leslie Stephen, and published anonymously in 1865. There are few books of more real insight and quaint humour; and most of it is as true to-day as it was forty years ago, especially the passages contrasting Oxford and Cambridge. Stephen identifies himself with Cambridge in the most spontaneous fashion; we feel as if the writer had never ceased to be part of the place where he resided till well into middle life.

For this reason it may be interesting to touch on some of the traits in his writings which seem typical of Cambridge, and in so doing, it is almost impossible to avoid comparing the influences of Oxford and Cambridge as Stephen himself does in the 'Sketches.' His luminous and pointed remarks unconsciously show how strongly he felt himself to be the product of his own University, and how the essential characteristics of Cambridge may best appear by being put into relief against those of Oxford.

It is difficult to generalise about the differences between Oxford and Cambridge without making a very careful selection of types. In the nineteenth century I should be inclined to put forward Ruskin, Symonds and Newman as typical of Oxford, and Wordsworth, Fawcett and Tennyson as typical of Cambridge. Stephen's own choice of types fell respectively on Gladstone and Macaulay. His remarks on the subject are well worth quoting :

We [*i.e.* Cambridge men] despise, or at any rate care little for, abstract disquisition. Representing in this respect the commoner English type, we have the strongest objection to look beyond our noses. We take what lies next to us and don't trouble our heads about its remoter bearings. Our studies are all modelled in accordance with a strictly practical view of the matter, that is, as I have said before, with a view to affording a good test for examinations; and we are inclined to sneer at loftier but more aerial considerations. Our ideal takes in the good and the bad points of rough, vigorous, common sense; whereas the Oxford man is not content without a touch of more or less refined philosophy. We generally take a narrower but what is commonly called a more practical view of matters.

¹ Copyright, 1906, by E. S. P. Haynes, in the United States of America.

Which of these two types is the best is not for me to say; but the distinction which I have endeavoured to describe runs through all our manifestations in the most marked degree. Mr. Gladstone, with his great abilities somewhat marred with over-acuteness and polish, is an excellent type of the Oxford mind. . . . Perhaps I might mention Lord Macaulay, with his clear and energetic, but limited intellect, as, in many respects, a fair specimen of the Cambridge tone of thought.

If we look for an obvious antitype to Stephen himself, there is none better than his contemporary, Matthew Arnold. Oddly enough, Arnold came from a college which has not invariably turned out the pure Oxonian type. T. H. Green, R. L. Nettleship, the late Archbishop of Canterbury and Arnold Toynbee, to take examples at random, all had an extremely practical bent without the Oxonian tendency to rhetorical expression and 'aerial' speculation that is to be remarked in J. A. Symonds or Mr. Swinburne.

The contrast between Arnold and Stephen is all the more interesting, because they seem to have had great points of resemblance. Both had the most lovable personal qualities; both were keenly interested in literature; theologically, both inclined to a more or less passive scepticism and politically neither was prepared to think along party lines. Ecclesiastically, both were Erastians (Arnold from the sentimental point of view, and Stephen probably from the legal point of view); each wrote more for the student than the general reader, yet neither lacked an intimate interest in humanity combined with a deep vein of tenderness and melancholy. The strong points of contrast between their writings were, as it seems to me, largely due to differences of environment in early life, and illustrate in a striking way the typical differences between Oxford and Cambridge.

Stephen curiously suggests this in an essay on Arnold. He writes:

A hard-headed senior-wrangler is in his own conceit a superior being to a flighty double first-class man. But perhaps his solid conviction that he was in the right faith made him rather unfitted to judge of the Sister University. He thought her impulsive, ill-balanced, too easily turned into the pursuit of theological, philosophical, and literary chimeras; and therefore was unjust to her substantial merits, and even to the intellectual impulse which, with all its vagaries, was yet better than stagnation.

That is an admirably fair piece of writing, and it is possibly more autobiographical than it seems at first sight.

Perhaps the most radical contrast between the two men is that which appears between Stephen's 'fear of enthusiasm' on the one side, and Arnold's tendency to emotional rhetoric on the other. Except possibly in his 'In Praise of Walking' and one or

two other stray pieces, Stephen never 'let himself go.' The repressed sentiment that occasionally emerges in his *Life of Dr. Johnson* is typical of his style. He mentions the founder of the 'Newdigate' at Oxford having 'as much sense as could be expected from the founder of a prize poem.' Stephen did once own to having written verse himself, but it was 'at a very early period of infancy. . . .' 'The subject was the "Prairie on Fire," the only verses which I can at present remember being :

See the bisons in despair
How they tear their grizzly hair,

or words to that effect. A difficulty in ensuring a sufficient supply of rhymes caused me to abandon this ambition.' Arnold, on the other hand, besides writing excellent poetry, gave free rein in his prose to all that engaging rhetoric and unction of style of which Renan was so great a master. On the whole, we may be grateful to writers who do. I mention the characteristic, however, only by way of emphasising the fact that Arnold's tendency was due to the warmth and colour of the Oxford tradition. Such a school may often ensnare a writer into subtle fallacies or useless digressions, although in a case like that of Arnold the result has a rare charm of its own. But if we return to the 'narrower view of matters,' Arnold could never, like Stephen, have written the model summary of a man's career which made the 'Dictionary of National Biography' a practicable enterprise.

The same difference of training—not, as I think, of temperament—manifests itself in religious matters. Arnold is always giving expression to a touchingly retrospective melancholy. Whether we turn to 'Geist's Grave' or 'Dover Beach' or the sonnets, we invariably find him trying to reconstruct the cosy creed of his fathers, to believe that all is here for the best, and that we all meet happily afterwards. Possibly Stephen felt all the force of what he calls 'musical moans over spilt milk,' but, if so, he never confessed it. He writes that he found he had never properly believed the creed in which he was brought up, and so was not pained by its loss. It was therefore irrelevant for him to speculate on its merits (if any) as a means of consolation. He prides himself on the indifference of Cambridge to theology. In all the heated controversy of Cambridge on the war of the Federals and Confederates

it was only necessary to turn the conversation upon theology to smooth the troubled waters. This would, I believe, be a dangerous expedient in a country.

parish, or possibly some other place. But at Cambridge I have always found that it is a topic which everyone can discuss in perfect good temper except the few whom it sends to sleep.

This remark certainly would not apply to modern Oxford—even undergraduate Oxford, which not so very long ago was stirred to its depths by a proposal to add one of Mr. Walsh's works to the Union Library, and where a gentleman who recently proposed that examiners in Theology need not necessarily be in Holy Orders, was greeted in Convocation with cries of 'traitor.'

With his curious insight into the British mind, Mr. Gladstone once observed that Englishmen hated the Pope and an abstract proposition more than anything else. In respect of the latter he ought to have excepted Oxford, where abstract propositions usually excite general interest and approval, though there have always been exceptions. I once asked the late Mr. York Powell whether it was worth my while to read Hegel's 'Philosophy of History,' and he replied that if I wanted to read off my subject (which was history), I should be more profitably occupied in the study of steam-engines. But Oxford is seldom privileged to produce regius professors of his type, and perhaps never will again. Most readers, however, will agree that Arnold's pages bristle with *formulae* and abstract propositions, whereas, except in his more recent writings, Stephen's statements are always strictly qualified and limited. In his later works, for example, the 'English Utilitarians,' and notably in the 'English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century,' he became bolder, and his generalisations are all the more valuable because they fit the facts like a glove. The last-named book is astonishing in the way it combines close accuracy and suggestive theories. Even here, however, he characteristically remarks: 'I hope I have said nothing original.' On the other hand it is noteworthy that the school of Oxford historians who have made the loudest declarations in support of strict and technical research, have often implicitly started from the most surprisingly bold suppositions. Freeman, for example, might deceive the casual reader by objecting to the Arthurian legend on the ground that 'it proves nothing and teaches nothing,' but one is tempted to suggest that the groundwork of his historical ideas was about as deductive and abstract as anything could be.

To turn to less scholastic matters, Arnold and Stephen both typified in themselves other minor differences between the manifestations of the academic spirit in Oxford and Cambridge. It

has been said—I know not by whom—that whereas Cambridge may be provincial, Oxford is suburban. Some have, as I think unfairly, attributed the 'suburban' character of Oxford (*i.e.* its closer contact with London) to the alleged desire of Balliol to be 'in the swim,' and have supposed it to be originally fostered by the week-end visits of London celebrities which Jowett inaugurated. Such critics may fasten eagerly on certain passages in Mr. Belloc's great memoir of Mr. Josiah Lambkin, of Burford College, whose characteristics are not altogether unrecognisable in modern Oxford :

He was the guest and honoured friend of the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Pembroke, the Duke of Limerick ('Mad Harry'), and the Duke of Lincoln; he had also the honour of holding a long conversation with the Duke of Berkshire, whom he met on the top of an omnibus in Piccadilly and instantly recognised.

Oxford, however, has been, for the last three centuries at least, more in touch with London than has Cambridge, and has generally prided herself on being less remote from 'the great heart of the world.' Parliaments have been held there, and, on the whole, despite her predilection for lost causes, she has been more involved in politics. Possibly it has resulted from this that Oxford has usually had more of the missionary spirit, and has more immediately influenced English thought. Arnold may have felt himself aloof from his Philistine countrymen, but he was keenly anxious to rouse them to a sense of higher things. Cambridge, on the other hand, has been more recluse and disinclined to be mixed up with public affairs. It is recorded of Stephen that he arrived in England fresh with the news of the Battle of Sedan, and only mentioned the subject to a friend after two hours' animated conversation on less topical subjects. Such behaviour would rather shock an Oxford common-room, where the nightly discussion of London omnibus fares or of some new scheme for dealing with urban sewage displays a properly cosmopolitan spirit.

Perhaps, however, this difference no longer continues in the same degree. It is said that a political pamphlet by an eminent Cambridge writer recently earned the distinction of being seriously studied by Cabinet ministers for their edification. Certainly a visitor of both Universities would be equally impressed by the knowledge of general matters respectively shown there, even though Cambridge dons have not yet, so far as I know, occupied their vacations as war correspondents. Yet Oxford, however zealous to be in the world, preserves a certain affectation of exclusiveness.

An Oxford contemporary of mine once horrified his scout by announcing that he was going to Cambridge. 'I've never been there,' exclaimed the perturbed servitor. 'Ain't it something in the Keble line, sir?' This somewhat disdainful attitude has, I fear, not always been confined to anti-clerical scouts, and is in some measure characteristic of the conventional attitude of Oxford, not only to Cambridge, but also to the world at large. Many of Arnold's most enthusiastic admirers have often felt repelled by a phraseology which was after all a mere mannerism in a singularly benevolent personality. Translated into the flesh, this mannerism is precisely what constitutes the 'Oxford manner.' This element of apparent condescension is conspicuously absent in Stephen. Both Arnold and he had real humour, but Arnold too often makes the reader feel that the writer is laughing as much at him as with him, whereas Stephen is more genial. No one can help being amused by Stephen's account of how Bentham's wish to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number was marred by his habit of keeping both cats and mice in his study, but Stephen's pleasantry always leaves an agreeable after-taste of sympathy. Arnold's remarks on dissenters and the middle-class stir up in the reader all the acidity latent in the dyspeptic existence of our civilisation, and, moreover, suggest a superiority of attitude which was probably not felt by the writer.

These interesting contrasts between two men—not so very unlike each other in themselves—may, I think, fairly be attributed to those differences of environment which in youth leave an ineffaceable impression, but which are in themselves hard to analyse. It is no less difficult to explain such a divergence as exists between Oxford and Cambridge than to search out the causes that differentiate communities or nations. Perhaps something may be ascribed to locality. Cambridge has for the most part been recruited from the northern and eastern districts of England, whereas Oxford is geographically more connected with the west. The western population is on the whole more Celtic in character, while the Teutonic element is more deeply rooted in the north and east. This broad fact might explain some of the differences, but the speculation is obviously too uncertain to be seriously followed up. Yet, to take an example on a smaller scale, most men acquainted with the history of Balliol would agree that some of the essential characteristics of the college are in a great measure due to the constant immigration of Scottish students,

and very probably the same causes have been at work in both instances.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to speculate how far the ordinary man of affairs carries with him the influence of his University through life. Such an attempt is, of course, somewhat baffled by the variations of the individual. Mr. Balfour, for instance, might well be imagined to have sprung from Oxford, and Mr. Morley from Cambridge, by any one who should compare 'The Foundations of Belief' with 'Compromise.' The general impression would seem to be that the Cambridge man takes to the professions (except possibly that of journalism) with more readiness than the Oxford man. His interests are perhaps less numerous and his power of applying himself to the task immediately in front of him more pronounced.

Nevertheless, the Oxonian has his compensations in later life. He may begin by criticising the form rather than the substance of the matter he has in hand (even so far as to make marginal notes concerning the grammar of Blue-books), and may possibly not be so quick in coming to the point. But he will always respond to a greater number of stimuli, there will probably be more colour in his life and he will have a better chance of being proof against the 'ossifying process' of middle age. In politics, Mr. Gladstone was certainly more receptive, as he got older, than Macaulay. It is scarcely possible to imagine Ruskin, had he been drilled in the austerer traditions of Cambridge, beginning his splendid attack on the Gradgrind school of economists at the time of life which he chose for it.

Oxford may well console herself with the saying 'Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.' The intellectual indiscretions of youth have their ultimate compensations, and even the intellectual indiscretions of old age have a certain gallantry about them. Education has been defined as 'the enlargement of the personality,' and if this definition be accepted, Oxford may still be content to dispense with engineering and agricultural trips.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

YORK: ITS PLACE IN ENGLISH INSTITUTIONS

IN approaching the history of York as an English institution there are some terms to be most carefully avoided, terms which most local antiquaries, and even recent historians, have freely used in dealing with its earliest status. It is, of course, correct to deal with it first of all as the Roman city of Eburacum; but it is entirely to lose sight of this important beginning to call it the capital city of Britain,¹ for Britain in Roman times was not a State, and had no capital. It was part of the Roman Empire. The cities situated in it were Roman cities occupying important sites on the Roman roads which connected them with one another, with the continental cities, and with Imperial Rome herself. It is essential to think of Roman Britain in terms applicable to these facts, and not in terms applicable to a much later period, or else we shall be taking up points from the wrong vantage ground, bringing in ideas which do not belong to the subject—looking at the whole question, in fact, from an entirely false position.

Approaching the history of York from its Roman beginnings, as Eburacum, is equivalent to saying that there is no earlier Celtic period to fall back upon, at all events of any moment in the history of the city, and this brings us to the first important point which will have to be determined—namely, the relationship of Roman Eburacum to British *Caer Ebrauc* and to English *Eoferwic*. There is a relationship expressed by these three names, for it is impossible to suggest that the British stronghold or the English town would have started, as they did start, if Roman Eburacum had not preceded them, and the question we may properly ask is, Is the relationship that of parent to child, or of successor to a derelict site?

It will be seen what an important problem is contained in the question stated in these terms, and it will need patient investigation to answer it as it should be answered. It means, first of all, that York did not begin, as some other cities began, as a purely Celtic settlement which was adapted by the Romans for a camp.²

¹ Raine, *Hist. of York* (1893), in Freeman's Historic Towns series (p. 12).

² Raine, *Hist. Towns York*, p. 2, considers that York was the site of a British

Its Celtic history was post-Roman, and this emphasises the importance of its Roman beginnings. York, with other cities of Britain, including London, belongs to a group having for its distinctive feature the fact that the cities occupy Roman sites; and they stand out differentiated from other cities which belong to two other groups, one having for its distinctive feature that the cities occupy sites adjacent to, or definitely in place of, Roman sites, and the other that the cities occupy sites entirely free from Roman antecedents. York takes rank in this respect with London, Exeter, Colchester, Lincoln, Chester, Rochester, Winchester, and others. Of this group of English cities occupying Roman sites London alone is able to show something like continuity from Roman to Saxon times. In all other cases there is the same gap in the record as there is at London, but there is not the same evidence when history resumes its sway that Roman influences had continued to exist. The gap in these cases is not only historical, but institutional. Roman Eburacum passed into British *Caer Ebrauc* continuing much of its Roman traditions and position; but *Caer Ebrauc* did not pass into English *Eoferwic* without a deadly break which meant the wiping out of all Roman and Romano-British life there, and the beginning all over again of a new city, starting in the English stronghold of *Eoferwic* and ultimately growing into the famed city of York. This in general outline is the story of York, and if it is traced out from its institutional side, it will bring into strong relief all the principal features of the case, and will, in addition, show us the development of an important centre of English life.

All authorities are agreed that Roman Eburacum began with a military camp of the usual rectangular shape, which was placed in the fork of land formed by the junction of the two rivers the Ouse and the Foss, and that it spread outside the defensive walls of the camp into the territory beyond, but without being enclosed within a more extended wall. Compared with Roman Londinium, we see the same beginning and the same spreading out beyond the walls of the camp, but not the same final result. Walls were built for the defence of the extended Roman Londinium; they were never built for the extended Roman Eburacum. The differ-

tribal settlement, but admits that there is no direct evidence of this, and that the name *Caer Ebrauc* 'comes directly from the Roman,' p. 3. Mr. Wellbeloved also considers there was a British stronghold (*Eburacum*, p. 46), but admits there are no traces, though Mr. G. T. Clark suggests a British origin partly on account of the name, partly by reason of discovery of British burials (*Yorks. Arch. Soc.*, iv. p. 3).

ence of treatment seems to me to point to the greater military strength of Eburacum, not merely by reason of its position, but by reason of its equipment of troops. It was the home of the famous 6th Legion and of the 9th Legion, and always remained the centre of the Roman military forces in Britain. To attack its suburbs, defended by outlying stations or castella represented by Benningburgh, Aldwark Ferry, and Aldburgh,¹ therefore, was of no avail if the defended camp was behind the suburbs ready to deal out punishment and to attack in force any enemy who appeared. Thus the military character of Eburacum is the keynote to its Roman history—military, that is, rather than civil or commercial. York, in fact, is the best example in Britain of Mr. Elton's definition of a Roman camp being a city in arms: 'the ramparts and pathway developed into walls and streets, the square of the tribunal into the market-place, and every gateway was the beginning of a suburb where straggling rows of shops, temples, rose-gardens, and cemeteries were sheltered from all danger by the presence of a permanent garrison';² and it would be wrong to take up its story in Roman times from any other standpoint. If its chief characteristic was that of a great military centre, its later history will be influenced by this, for with the downfall of the Roman imperial system and the substitution of the Anglo-Saxon tribal system much of the Roman military importance would cease. As a Roman military station its strength lay in its connection with the road system,³ by which it could deal, or help to deal, with the problems that arose from time to time, not only at York itself, but at the most distant points of attack. Destroy this, and its later history would depend upon entirely new circumstances. Whenever we can touch upon the period when York was no longer the dominant feature of an extensive and organised military system, we are at the commencement of a new life—it may be a new military life, but the essential point is that it was new and not continuous. The geographical advantages of York may make it the centre of English attack and defence, but it was not to the English what it was to the Roman system. As a matter of fact, its military importance appears both in Roman and English times, and the contrast is all the greater because we can compare it from a common standpoint.

¹ Mr. G. T. Clark in *Yorks. Arch. Soc.*, iv. 5.

² Elton, *Origins of English History*, 322.

³ This point is discussed by Wellbeloved in his *Eburacum*, 145-163. York was connected with four of the itinera of Antoninus.

We are prepared, then, for military glory, and the local historians of York are entitled to claim as much as they can from the story of Constantine and Helena, from the legionary inscriptions, the altars, and the rich store of Roman remains, all of which confirm the view that York was, in its Roman days, a great military camp and centre. They cannot go beyond this. There is no evidence that it was one of the two cities in Roman Britain which bore the title of *municipium*, and there is no evidence of a larger life, which meant an extensive territorium and an organised civil government of the full Roman type. It probably had the status of a colony, and there is evidence of its great importance in Roman times. Mr. Wellbeloved rejects the arguments put forward in favour of its being the birthplace of Constantine, and it appears to me with very cogent force,¹ and except for this we have not much evidence of an extensive administrative importance. It was the residence of the Roman emperors who came into Britain after Claudius, and of the *Propraetors*; but this, again, was chiefly on military grounds. It may be that there is ground for believing that the original *praetorium* of the camp was converted into a residence for the emperor, and that Spartian bears indirect testimony to this when, speaking of the return of the Emperor Septimus Severus from his Caledonian expedition, he says that upon coming to the city—in *civitatem veniens*—the emperor went to the palace—*ad palatium*—to the doors of which he was followed by black victims.² We may grant that York was intended in this general allusion to the city, and we may grant the existence of a palatial residence for the Emperor not far from the end of the later St. Andrew Gate.³ Perhaps, too, the further allusion of Spartian in his life of Severus may be held to prove the existence of a temple to Bellona. Coming to the city, says the biographer, and desiring to offer sacrifice, the emperor was conducted first by a rustic soothsayer to the temple of Bellona (cap. xxii), a goddess, be it observed, who was sister or wife of Mars, and who thus confirms in a striking manner the pre-eminence of York as a military centre.⁴ It was on this occasion that the great Emperor Severus came to

¹ Wellbeloved, *Eburacum*, 24-25.

² *Vit. Sev.*, cap. 22, quoted by Wellbeloved, *op. cit.*, 62.

³ Wellbeloved, *op. cit.*, 63.

⁴ Wellbeloved, *Eburacum*, 74, records that a small brass figure of Bellona was discovered near where the Abbey of St. Mary or the Manor now stands, and this on other grounds is said to be the most likely site of the temple. Another altar to Mars was discovered in 1880 on the site of the Roman Catholic Convent.

York to die, an event which has given to the northern city a greater name to distinction than has fallen to any other Roman city situated in Britain.

There is one point of importance from the institutional side to which attention may be directed. Roman cities had an extensive territorium dependent upon them, and perhaps there is a trace of this at York in the ancient claim to the wapentake of the Ainsty, which lies to the west of the city, though the claim is but faintly traced through a charter which could not be upheld when it was tested in a court of law. I am not disposed to attach too much importance to the specific grant of this wide territory by charter as a test of origins. Early charters are very often but the confirmation by the sovereign of facts which previously existed by custom, and this almost unique grant appears to carry with it much more than the favour of a Plantagenet monarch. York had undoubted claims to the territory before the king consented to them being stated in charter law, and in these claims there seems to be the reflection of a state of things to which we can only refer as belonging to the Roman organisation. The point is one of some importance to the history of York, though it has not been referred to by any of its historians, and it may be worth while investigating the facts to see whether the Ainsty does not derive its connection with the city from the Roman territorium.

The fact, however, that we cannot more definitely identify the territorium of Roman York confirms the other evidence as to the break between Eburacum and Eoferwic. After the departure of the Romans it was undoubtedly the centre of the British defences against the inroads of Picts and Scots, and later against the sustained attacks of the English. One sign of the latter events is contained in the ancient cemetery at Selby, about twelve miles from York, wherein have been discovered the remains of the English dead, laid in hollow trees with branches of hazel in their hands, after the old Teutonic fashion.¹ Then we have English Eoferwic standing out against the British possession of Elmete, which consisted of a large portion of the West Riding; we have, in fact, continued signs of the military importance of York and no signs at all of its institutional importance.

We must be prepared for something beyond this—for the something terrible which might befall a military centre when the military element was withdrawn. There is no direct statement

¹ Raine, *Hist. Towns York*, 26.

as to the fall of Eburacum. There is only the indirect but fateful evidence of two contrasted facts—its undoubted Roman magnificence evidenced by the splendid collection of remains now extant in the museum and in records of discovery, and the simple record of the chroniclers of the building of a wooden church in the city by Paulinus in the year 627. It is not enough to say that this wooden church was the ordinary method of building adopted by the English,¹ and that stone buildings were considered sufficiently remarkable to be specially noted.² What is remarkable in this case is that a new building of any sort should be needed, and that if it were needed it should have been built of wood. There is surely enough evidence here to tell of desolate waste where Roman buildings of magnificence once stood, to tell even of the absence of a population skilled enough to build in stone. It seems to me that this recorded fact stands in between Roman Eburacum and English Eoferwic, and disallows any claim to connecting links even of the slightest between the two.

After this there is once more only the story of military importance to relate. The Danes, unlike the Saxons, used the towns and defended places for their operations against the country they came to conquer, and we find Eoferwic the centre of the Danish conquest and settlement of England from 793, when they first landed, to that last fight of Eadwine and Morcar against the Norse conqueror, and the last stand against William the Norman by Waltheof.³

It is clear from these considerations that we may not expect to derive much information as to the origin of York as an English institution from Roman Eburacum or from British Ebrauc, and that we must rest entirely upon the evidence to be derived from English Eoferwic or York. This evidence comes to us from two sources—the ecclesiastical and the civil.

The ecclesiastical evidence is connected with the early settlement of the church at York, and the consequent establishment of the city as the seat of an archbishop. The coming of Paulinus was not only significant because of the evidence it shows of the destruction of the Roman city, but also because of the consequent creation of an archbishop's seat. This involved a constitution within the city, and that it did not embrace the whole constitution of the city is a fact of some importance. The English settlers there obtained rights apart from the archbishop. But the arch-

¹ Guest, *Origines Celticae*, ii. 79.

² *Beda*, ii. cap. xiv.

³ Canon Raine has pictured the probable site and effect of Waltheof's famous fight in *Hist. Towns York*, 54.

bishop had an independent franchise in the city, as we find him in possession of one whole ward at the time of Domesday. Undoubtedly this fact worked towards the development of York as an English institution of a special kind. York was always, as the seat of the archbishop, contesting its independence of London and Canterbury, and the citizens must have shared in the development which this gave to the unity of the city. We see this when we turn to the civil government. In an ecclesiastical dispute which occurred in 1106 the king appointed a commission of inquiry, and took the verdict of a jury of twelve persons. In the record of this jury we have the last of the twelve described as 'Ulvet filius Fornonis hereditario jure lagaman civitatis,'¹ which reveals to us the constitution of hereditary lawmen of the Danish type, and such a constitution must point to a system of centralised city control, and not, as Canon Raine suggests, to 'a collection of communities.' The lawmen were lawmen of York, not of separate parts of York.

This view is emphasised when we turn to Domesday. York is described at length in this wonderful record, and we find the city divided into seven 'shires,' one of which was in the jurisdiction of the archbishop, 'who had full custom from his shire' and 'as much [power] as the king has in his shires.' The careful noting given to the independent position of the archbishop in his shire seems to point the contrast with the rest of the city which was held by the burgesses under the king. No doubt the Norman earls encroached upon this burgess system, but that it was an encroachment and not a mere transfer from one set of lords in Anglo-Saxon times to another set of lords in Norman times is, I think, revealed by the language of Domesday.

The facts of Domesday are still more emphatic than its language, for when we come to the entry of the Domesday record which sets forth that eighty-four carucates of land were in the geld of the city, of which the archbishop held six and the remainder were cultivated in places by the burgesses, we have reached one of the most important elements in municipal institutions. In spite of the inroads made by the Norman conquest, this particular right was not parted with, and it remained a part of the York municipal constitution late down in its history. It was sustained against the special influence of a powerful monarch like Richard III., who had reason to be so friendly to the city, for we learn from the municipal records that in the second year of that king 'wer assembled

¹ Raine, *Hist. Towns York*, 192.

in the coñon hall of ye citie of York where & when were also assembled the substance of ye hole body of ye said citie' to defend the rights of the burgesses in the common fields, and that the king declared at this great meeting 'that his grace is & hath been as glad and wele willed that ye & ev'y of you shulde have & enjoy peasibly aswele all and ev'y pcell of coñon pasture as ev'y other thing to you of right appteynyng, due, or of auncient tyme accustomed.'¹ The right continued to modern times, and few things are more interesting than the constitution of the city as revealed by the report of the Municipal Corporation Commission in 1835. Among other matters described we have the rights of the freemen to pasture stated as follows :

They exercise a right of pasturage over several pieces of waste land in the neighbourhood of the city. Their rights in this respect vary according to the several wards in which they inhabit. The freemen inhabitants of ancient messuages in Bootham Ward, are entitled to a right of pasturage for three head of cattle, either cows or horses, on a tract of land in the parishes of Clifton and Huntingdon, containing about 180 acres, subject to the payment of 10s. a year for every cow, and 12s. for every horse depastured; the number of freemen who exercise this right is about 70. The freemen occupiers of houses in Monk Ward are entitled to depasture two head of cattle, either horses, cows or other beasts, on a tract of about 131 acres, subject to annual payment of 10s. for each beast; about 100 freemen generally exercise this right, and the number of cattle depastured is generally about 150. Freemen, occupiers of houses in Walmgate Ward, are entitled to pasturage for one head of cattle only—i.e. one cow with a calf, one mare with a foal, or one gelding, on about 75 acres of land, subject to the payment of 20s. for each beast; about 100 freemen exercise this right. The freemen inhabitants in Micklegate Ward, and certain parts of Bootham Ward, Monk Ward and Walmgate Ward are entitled to pasturage for one gelding, or one mare with a foal and two cows, upon several tracts of land, containing together 437 acres, subject to an annual payment of 8s. for each horse, and 6s. for each cow; about 400 head of cattle are usually depastured on these lands. These annual payments for depasturing cattle are received by the pasture masters, and by them applied about the necessary expenses of guarding the cattle and keeping the lands in order.²

This right was distinctly English in character. It was distinctly non-Roman, and where it is found in English municipal institutions it may safely be held as a sign that the city to which it belongs is to be classed as of the English type. Burgesses who held homesteads within the walls of the burgh and cultivated lands in the territory beyond were natural corporations descended from a primitive organisation, of which the village community is the parent and the type. It is well known that the open country was held in this manner, and it is significant that it can be traced

¹ Davies, *Extracts from the Municipal Records of York*, 194-196.

² *Mun. Corp. Com.*, iii. 1745.

in the organisation of the burgh. It provides an answer to those who, like Mr. Maitland, cannot see in the English burghal constitution any evidence of common action, common duties, and an organisation on the communal principle. It must have had all these elements, even if we cannot discover them in the meagre records of early municipal history, and it must have used them in the development of the later corporate life when early ideas had to give way before the legal encroachments of Plantagenet sovereignty, and to become reconstituted under the State law of corporations. It is above all things an additional proof that the Roman constitution of York had disappeared before the conquering English, who introduced their own more primitive system to take the vacant place. It has been difficult, as we have seen, to identify the remains of the territorium of Roman Eburacum, and it is legitimate to contrast this with the fact that the task of identifying the English system of holding and cultivating lands is comparatively easy.

This is perhaps sufficient for the present purpose of explaining that York as a local institution is derived from the English system. In comparative history this is an important point. We do not get quite the same sort of evidence in other cities occupying Roman sites in Britain. It differs from the Lincoln evidence, from the Exeter evidence, from the Winchester evidence. Above all things, it differs materially from the London evidence. And it is in the points of difference that so much information is to be gained. That York is wholly English in form, while Lincoln, Exeter, and Winchester retain features which may be traced, faintly perhaps, to Roman influences, and London has a whole phase of her Anglo-Saxon life distinctly referable to Roman origins, are matters which belong to national much more than to local history, but they may tempt us to go a little beneath the shell into which the community is fitted to the life within. We find there all the formal doings of primitive English law—the stocks, the scold's bridle, and the pound. We find, too, the evidence of ancient English custom and belief upon which so much else is founded. This is quite in keeping with the English constitution which has been proved to exist. Roman Eburacum possessed both the worship of Serapis and Mithras. English York has traces of its own pagan faith. Thus it is a fortunate fact that sixteenth-century reform in religious matters brings to light the formal ending of a custom which illustrates in a remarkable manner the ancient English rites that survived at York. In 1572 a letter was addressed to 'the Lord

Mayor and Aldermen of the citie of York' by the ecclesiastical commission appointed by the Queen, reciting that

Whereas there hath bene heretofore a very rude and barbarouse custome maynteyned in this citie and in no other citie or towne of this realme to our knowlege, that yerely upon St. Thomas day before Christmas twoo disguysed pesons, called Yule and Yule's wife should ryde through the citie very undecently and uncomely, drawyng great concourses of people after theym to gaise, oftentymes commyttyng other enormities,

and ordering 'that noo suche rydyng of Yule and Yule's wif be frome hensforth attempted or used.'¹ It is a pity that this custom was not more fully described, but it is fortunate that the decree of the city magnates was not carried into effect, at all events completely, for down to the late seventeenth century a ceremony of the same kind was kept up, and is described in 1788 as follows:

The Sheriffs of the city of York have anciently used, on St. Thomas's day the Apostle before Yoole, at toll of the bell, to come to Allhallows Kirk in the Pavement, and there to hear a mass of St. Thomas at the high quire, and to offer at the mass; and when mass was done to make proclamation at the pillory of the Yoole-Girthol, in the form that follows, by their sergeant: We command that the peace of our Lord the King be well kept and mayntayned by night and by day, &c. [as was used in the proclamation on the Sheriff's riding]. Also that all manner of [—], thieves, dice-players, and all other unthrifty folk be well-come to the town, whether they come late or early, at the reverence of the high feast of Yoole, till the twelve days be passed. The proclamation made in form aforesaid, the four sergeants shall go and ride whither they will, and one of them shall have a horne of brass of the tollbooth, and the other three sergeants shall have each of them a horn, and so go forth to the four bars of the city and blow the Yoole-Githe, &c.²

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to say how far such a ceremony as this takes us. It is far more indicative of Teutonic beliefs than the altars to the Deæ Matres which have been discovered and claimed as Teutonic in origin. It shows the primitive origin of York as an English community more completely than almost any other fact could show. We get back to the tribesmen who first entered and destroyed the Roman city because the Roman city was nothing to them, destroyed the Roman temples because the religion of Roman York, whether Christian or Roman, was not their religion—to the tribesmen who, in settling on the ruins of Roman York, set up their own gods, worshipped according to their own rites, and lived their own tribal life until it was gradually absorbed into the newer English life, of which York was to be one of the foremost local examples.

LAURENCE GOMME.

¹ Davis, *Municipal Records of York*, 270.

² Wilson and Spence, *Hist. of York*, quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 6th ser., vii. 5.

FRÄULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER.¹

BEING THE LETTERS OF AN INDEPENDENT WOMAN

BY THE AUTHOR OF
ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.'

XXVII.

Jena, April 20th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—You tell me I do not answer your letters, but really I think I do quite often enough. I want to make the most of these weeks of idle getting strong again, and it is a sad waste of time writing. My stepmother has had such a dose of me sick and incapable, of doctor's bills and physic and beef-tea and night-lights, that she is prolonging the convalescent period quite beyond its just limits and will have me do nothing lest I should do too much. So I spend strange, glorious days, days strange and glorious to me, with nothing to do for anybody but myself and a clear conscience to do it with. The single sanction of my stepmother's approval has been enough to clear my conscience, from which you will see how illogically consciences can be cleared; for have I not always been sure she has no idea whatever of what is really good? Yet just her approval, a thing I know to be faulty and for ever in the wrong place, is sufficient to prop up my conscience and make it feel secure. How then, while I am busy reading Jane Austen and Fanny Burney and Maria Edgeworth—books foreordained from all time for the delight of persons getting well—shall I find time to write to you? And you must forgive me for a certain surprise that you should have time to write so much to me. What have I done to deserve these long letters? How many Foreign Office envelopes do you leave ungummed to write them? *Es ist zu viel Ehre.* It is very good of you. No, I will not make phrases like that, for I know you do not do it for any reason whatever but because you happen to want to.

You are going through one of those tiresome soul-sicknesses that periodically overtake the too comfortable, and you must,

¹ Copyright, 1906, in the United States of America.

apparently, tell somebody about it. Well, it is a form of *Weltschmerz*, and only afflicts the well-fed. Pray do not suppose that I am insinuating that food is of undue interest to you; but it is true that if you did not have several meals a day and all of them too nice, if there were doubts about their regular recurrence, if, briefly, you were a washerwoman or a ploughboy, you would not have things the matter with your soul. Washerwomen and ploughboys do not have sick souls. Probably you will say they have no souls to be sick; but they have, you know. I imagine their souls thin and threadbare, stunted by cold and hunger, poor and pitiful, but certainly there. And I don't know that it is not a nicer sort of soul to have inside one's plodding body than an unwieldy, overgrown thing, chiefly water and air and lightly changeable stuff, so unsubstantial that it flops—forgive the word, but it does flop—on to other souls in search of sympathy and support and comfort and all the rest of the things washerwomen waste no time looking for, because they know they wouldn't find them.

You are a poet, and I do not take a youthful poet seriously; but if you were not I would laugh derisively at your comparing the entrance of my letters into your room at the Foreign Office to the bringing in of a bunch of cottage flowers still fresh with dew. I don't know that my pride does not rather demand a comparison to a bunch of hothouse flowers—a bouquet it would become then, wouldn't it?—or my romantic sense to a bunch of field flowers, wild, graceful, easily wearied things, that would not care at all for Foreign Offices. But I expect cottage is really the word. My letters conjure up homely visions, and I am sure the bunch you see is a tight posy of

Sweet-Williams, with their homely cottage smell.

It was charming of Matthew Arnold to let Sweet-Williams have such a nice line, but I don't think they quite deserve it. They have a dear little name and a dear little smell, but the things themselves might have been manufactured in a Berlin furniture shop where upholstery in plush prevails, instead of made in that sweetest corner of heaven from whence all good flowers come.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

XXVIII.

Jena, April 28th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—You seem to be incurably doleful. You talk about how nice it must be to have a sister, a mother, some woman very closely related to whom you could talk. You astonish me; for have you not Miss Cheriton? Still, on reflection I think I do see that what you feel you want is more a solid bread-and-butter sort of relationship; no sentiment, genial good advice, a helping hand if not a guiding one—really a good thick slice of bread-and-butter as a set-off to a diet of constant cake. I can read between your lines with sufficient clearness; and as I always had a certain talent for stodginess I will waste no words but offer myself as the bread-and-butter. Somehow I think it might work out my soul's release from self-reproach and doubts if I can help you, as far as one creature can help another, over some of the more tiresome places of life. Exhortation, admonishment, encouragement, you shall have them all, if you like, by letter. In these my days of dignified leisure I have had room to think, and so have learned to look at things differently from the way I used to. Life is so short that there is hardly time for anything except to be, as St. Paul says—wasn't it St. Paul?—kind to one another. You are, I think, a most weak person. Anything more easily delighted in the first place or more quickly tired in the second I never in my life saw. Does nothing satisfy you for more than a day or two? And the enthusiasm of you at the beginnings of things. And the depression, the despair of you once you have got used to them. I know you are clever, full of brains, intellectually all that can be desired, but what's the good of that when the rest of you is so weak? You are of a diseased fastidiousness. There's not a person you have praised to me whom you have not later on disliked. When you were here I used to wonder as I listened, but I did believe you. Now I know that the world cannot possibly contain so many offensive people, and that it is always so with you—violent heat, freezing cold. I cannot see you drown without holding out a hand. For you are young; you are, in the parts outside your strange, ill-disciplined emotions, most full of promise; and circumstances have knitted me into an unalterable friend. Perhaps I can help you to a greater steadfastness, a greater compactness of soul. But do not tell me too much. Do not put me in an inextricably difficult position. It would not of course be really inextricable, for I

would extricate myself by the simple process of relapsing into silence. I say this because your letters have a growing tendency to pour out everything you happen to be feeling. That in itself is not a bad thing, but you must rightly choose your listener. Not everyone should be allowed to listen. Certain things cannot be shouted out from the housetops. You forget that we hardly know each other, and that the well-mannered do not thrust their deeper feelings on a person who shrinks from them. I hope you understand that I am willing to hear you talk about most things, and that you will need no further warning to keep off the few swampy places. And just think of all the things you can write to me about, all the masses of breathlessly interesting things in this breathlessly interesting world, without talking about people at all. Look round you this fine spring weather and tell me, for instance, what April is doing up your way, and whether as you go to your work through the park you too have not seen heavy Saturn laughing and leaping—how that sonnet has got into my head—and do not every day thank God for having bothered to make you at all.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

XXIX.

Jena, April 30th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—You know the little strip of balcony outside our sitting-room window, with its view over the trees of the Paradies valley to the beautiful hills across the river? Well, this morning is so fine, the sun is shining so warmly, that I had my coffee and roll there, and now, wrapped up in rugs, am still there writing to you. I can't tell you how wonderful it is. The birds are drunk with joy. There are blackbirds, and thrushes, and chaffinches, and yellow-hammers, all shouting at once; and every now and then when the clamour has a gap in it I hear the whistle of the great tit, the dear small bird who is the very first to sing, bringing its pipe of hope to those early days in February when the world is at its blackest. Have you noticed how different one's morning coffee tastes out of doors from what it does in a room? And the roll and butter—oh, the roll and butter! So must rolls and butter have tasted in the youth of the world, when gods and mortals were gloriously mixed up together, and you went for walks on exquisite things like parsley and violets. If Thoreau—I know you don't like him, but that's only because you have read

and believed Stevenson about him—could have seen the eager interest with which I ate my roll just now, he would, I am afraid, have been disgusted ; for he severely says that it is not what you eat but the spirit in which you eat it,—you are not, that is, to like it too much—that turns you into a glutton. It is, he says, neither the quality nor the quantity, but the devotion to sensual savours that makes your eating horrid. A puritan, he says, may go to his brown bread crust with as gross an appetite as ever an alderman to his turtle. Thus did I go, as grossly as the grossest alderman, this morning to my crust, and rejoiced in the sensual savour of it and was very glad. How nice it is, how pleasant, not to be with people you admire. Admiration, veneration, the best form of love—they are all more comfortably indulged in from a distance. There is too much whalebone about them at close quarters with their object, too much whalebone and not nearly enough slippers. I am glad Thoreau is dead. I love him far too much ever to want to see him ; and how thankful I am he cannot see me.

It is my stepmother's birthday, and trusted friends have been streaming up our three flights of stairs since quite early to bring her hyacinths in pots and unhappy roses spiked on wires and make her congratulatory speeches. I hear them talking through the open window, and what they say, wafted out to me here in the sun, sounds like the pleasant droning of bees when one is only half awake. First there is the distant electric bell and the tempestuous whirl of Johanna down the passage. Then my stepmother emerges from the kitchen and meets the arriving friend with vociferous welcoming. Then the friend is led into the room here, talking in gasps as we all do on getting to the top of this house, and flinging cascades of good wishes for her *liebe Emilie* on to the *liebe Emilie's* head. Then the hyacinths or the roses are presented :— 'I have brought thee a small thing,' says the friend, presenting ; and my stepmother, who has been aware of their presence the whole time, but, with careful decency, has avoided looking at them, starts, protests, and launches forth on to heaving billows of enthusiasm. She does not care for flowers, either in pots or on wires or in any other condition, so her gratitude is really most creditably done. Then they settle down in the corners of the sofa and talk about the things they really want to talk about—neighbours, food, servants, pastors, illnesses, Providence ; beginning, since I was ill, with a perfunctory inquiry from the visitor as to the health of *die gute* Rose-Marie.

'*Danke, danke,*' says my stepmother. You know in Germany whenever anybody asks after anybody you have to begin your answer with *danke*. Sometimes the results are odd; for instance: 'How is your poor husband to-day?' 'Oh, *danke*, he is dead.'

So my stepmother, too, says *danke*, and then I hear a murmur of further information, and catch the word *zart*. Then they talk, still in murmurs not supposed to be able to get through the open window and into my ears, about the quantity of beef-tea I have consumed, the length of the chemist's bill, the unfortunate circumstance that I am so overgrown—'Weedy,' says my stepmother.

'Would you call her weedy?' says the friend, with a show of polite hesitation.

'Weedy,' repeats my stepmother emphatically; and the friend remarks quite seriously that when a person is so very long there is always some part of her bound to be in a draught and catching cold. 'It is such a pity,' concludes the friend, 'that she did not marry.' (Notice the tense. Half a dozen birthdays back it used to be 'does not.')

'Gentlemen,' says my stepmother, 'do not care for her.'

'*Armes Mädchen,*' murmurs the friend.

'*Herr Gott, ja,*' says my stepmother, 'but what is to be done? I have invited gentlemen in past days. I have invited them to coffees, to beer evenings, to music on Sunday afternoons, to the reading aloud of Schiller's dramas, each with his part and Rose-Marie with the heroine's; and though they came they also went away again. Nothing was changed, except the size of my beer bill. No, no, gentlemen do not care for her. In society she does not please.'

'*Armes Mädchen,*' says the friend again; and the *armes Mädchen* out in the sun laughs profanely into her furs.

The fact is it is quite extraordinary the effect my illness has had on me. I thought it was bad, and I see it was good. Beyond words ghastly at the time, terrible, hopeless, the aches of my body as nothing compared with the amazing anguish of my soul, the world turned into one vast pit of pain, impossible to think of the future, impossible to think of the past, impossible to bear the present—after all that behold me awake again, and so wide awake, with eyes grown so quick to see the wonder and importance of the little things of life, the beauty of them, the joy of them, that I can laugh aloud with glee at the delicious notion of calling me an *armes Mädchen*. Three months ago with what miserable

groanings, what infinite self-pityings, I would have agreed. Now, clear of vision, I see how many precious gifts I have—life, and freedom from pain, and time to be used and enjoyed—gifts no one can take from me except God. Do you know any George Herbert? He was one of the many English poets my mother's love of poetry made me read. Do you remember

I once more smell the dew, the rain,
And relish versing.
O, my only Light!
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night?

Well, that is how I feel: full of wonder, and an unspeakable relief. It is so strange how bad things—things we call bad—bring forth good things, from the manure that brings forth roses lovely in proportion to its manuriness to the worst experiences that can overtake the soul. And as far as I have been able to see (which is not very far, for I know I am not a clever woman) it is also true that good things bring forth bad ones. I cannot tell you how much life surprises me. I never get used to it. I never tire of pondering, and watching, and wondering. The way in which eternal truths lurk along one's path, lie among the potatoes in cellars (did you ever observe the conduct of potatoes in cellars? their desperate determination to reach up to the light? their absolute concentration on that one distant glimmer?) peep out at one from every apparently dull corner, sit among the stones, hang upon the bushes, come into one's room in the morning with the hot water, come out at night in heaven with the stars, never leave us, touch us, press upon us, if we choose to open our eyes and look, and our ears and listen—how extraordinary it is. Can one be bored in a world so wonderful? And then the keen interest there is to be got out of people, the keen joy to be got out of common affections, the delight of having a fresh day every morning before you, a fresh, long day, bare and empty, to be filled as you pass along it with nothing but clean and noble hours. You must forgive this exuberance. The sun has got into my veins and has turned everything golden.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

XXX.

Jena, May 6th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—How can I help it if things look golden to me? You almost reproach me for it. You seem to think it selfish, and talk of the beauty of sympathy with persons less fortunately constituted. That's a grey sort of beauty; the beauty of mists, and rains, and tears. I wish you could have been in the meadows across the river this morning and seen the dandelions. There was not much greyness about them. From the bridge to the tennis-courts—you know that is a long way, at least twenty minutes' walk—they are one sheet of gold. If you had been there before breakfast, with your feet on that divine carpet, and your head in the flickering slight shadows of the first willow leaves, and your eyes on the shining masses of slow white clouds, and your ears filled with the fresh sound of the river, and your nose filled with the smell of young wet things, you wouldn't have wanted to think much about such grey negations as sympathising with the gloomy. Bother the gloomy. They are an ungrateful set. If they can they will turn the whole world sour, and sap up all the happiness of the children of light without giving out any shining in return. I am all for sun and heat and colour and scent—for all things radiant and positive. If, crushing down my own nature, I set out deliberately to console those you call the less fortunately constituted, do you know what would happen? They would wring me quite dry of cheerfulness, and not be one whit more cheerful for all the wringing themselves. They can't. They were not made that way. People are born in one of three classes: children of light, children of twilight, children of night. And how can they help into which class they are born? But I do think the twilight children can by diligence, by, if you like, prayer and fasting, come out of the dusk into a greater brightness. Only they must come out by themselves. There must be no pulling. I don't at all agree with your notion of the efficacy of being pulled. Don't you then know—of course you do, but you have not yet realised—that you are to seek *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you? And don't you know—oh, have you forgotten?—that the Kingdom of God is within you? So what is the use of looking to anything outside of you and separated from you for help? There is no help, except what you dig out of your

own self ; and if I could make you see that I would have shown you all the secrets of life.

How wisely I talk. It is the wisdom of the ever-recurring grass, the good green grass, the grass starred with living beauty, that has got into me ; the wisdom of a May morning filled with present joy, of the joy of the moment, without any weakening waste of looking beyond. So don't mock. I can't help it.

Do you, then, want to be pitied ? I will pity you if you like, in so many carefully chosen words ; but they will not be words from the heart but only, as the charming little child in the flat below us, the child with the flaunting yellow hair and audacious eyes, said of some speech that didn't ring true to her quick ears, 'from the tip of the nose.' I cannot really pity you, you know. You are too healthy, too young, too fortunate for that. You ought to be quite jubilant with cheerfullest gratitude ; and, since you are not, you very perfectly illustrate the truth of *le trop* being *l'ennemi du bien*, or, if you prefer your clumsier mother tongue, of the half being better than the whole. How is it that I, bereft of everything you think worth having, am so offensively cheerful ? Your friends would call it a sordid existence, if they considered it with anything more lengthy than just a sniff. No excitements, no clothes, acquaintances so shabby that they seem almost moth eaten, the days filled with the same dull round, a home in a little town where we all get into one groove and having got into it stay in it, to which only faint echoes come of what is going on in the world outside, a place where one is amused and entertained by second-rate things, second-rate concerts, second-rate plays, and feels oneself grow cultured by attendance at second-rate debating-society meetings. Would you not think I must starve in such a place ? But I don't. My soul doesn't dream of starving ; in fact I am quite anxious about it, it has lately grown so fat. There is so little outside it—for the concerts, plays, debates, social gatherings, are dust and ashes near which I do not go—that it eagerly turns to what is inside it, and finds itself full of magic forces of heat and light, forces hot and burning enough to set every common bush afire with God. That is Elizabeth Barrett Browning ; I mean about the common bushes. A slightly mutilated Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but still a quotation ; and if you do not happen to know it I won't have you go about thinking it pure Schmidt. Ought I if I quote to warn you of the fact by the pointing fingers of inverted commas ? I don't care to, somehow. They make

such a show of importance. I prefer to suppose you cultured. Oh, I can see you shiver at that impertinence, for I know down in your heart, though you always take pains to explain how ignorant you are, you consider yourself an extremely cultured young man. And so you are ; cultured, I should say, out of all reason ; so much cultured that there's hardly anything left that you are able to like. Indeed, it is surprising that you should care to write to a rough, unscraped sort of person like myself. Do not my crudities set your teeth on edge as acutely as the juice of a very green apple ? You who love half tones, subtleties, suggestions, who, lifting the merest fringe of things, approach them nearer only by infinite implications, what have you to do with the downrightness of an east wind or a green apple ? Why, I wonder that just the recollection of my red hands, knobbly and spread with work, does not make you wince into aloofness. And my clothes ? What about my clothes ? Do you not like exquisite women ? Perfectly got-up women ? Fresh and dainty, constantly renewed women ? It is two years since I had a new hat ; and as for the dress that sees me through my days I really cannot count the time since it started in my company a Sunday and fête-day garment. If you were once, only once, to see me in the middle of your friends over there, you would be cured for ever of wanting to write to me. I belong to your Jena days ; days of hard living, and working, and thinking ; days when, by dint of being forced to do without certain bodily comforts, the accommodating spirit made up for it by its own increased comfort and warmth. Probably your spirit will never again attain to quite so bright a shining as it did that year. How can it, unless it is amazingly strong—and I know it well not to be that—shine through the suffocating masses of upholstery your present life piles about it ? Poor spirit. At least see to it that its flicker doesn't quite go out. To urge you to strip your life of all this embroidery and let it get the draught of air it needs would be, I know, mere waste of ink.

My people send you every good wish.

Yours sincerely.

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

XXXI.

Jena, May 14th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—Of course I am full of contradictions. Did you expect me to be full of anything else ? And I have no

doubt whatever that in every letter I say exactly the opposite from what I said in the last one. But you must not mind this and make it an occasion for reproof. I do not pretend to think quite the same even two days running; if I did I would be stagnant, and the very essence of life is to be fluid, to pass perpetually on. So please do not hold me responsible for convictions that I have changed by the time they get to you, and above all things don't bring them up against me and ask me to prove them. I don't want to prove them. I don't want to prove anything. My attitude towards life is one of open-mouthed wonder and delight, and the open-mouthed cannot talk. You write, too, plaintively, that some of the things I say hurt you. I am sorry. Sorry, I mean, that you should be so soft. Can you not, then, bear anything? But I will smooth my tongue if you prefer it smooth, and send you envelopes filled with only sugar; talk to you about the parks, the London season, the Foreign Office—all things of which I know nothing—and, patting you at short intervals on the back, tell you you are admirable. You say there is a bitter flavour about some of my remarks. I have not felt bitter. Perhaps a little shrewish; a little like, not a mild exhorting elder sister, but an irritated aunt. You see I am interested enough in you to be fidgety when I hear you groan. What, I ask myself uneasily, can be the matter with this apparently healthy, well-cared-for young man? And then, forced to the conclusion by unmistakable symptoms that there is nothing the matter except a surfeit of good things, I have perhaps pounced upon you with something of the zeal of an aunt moved to anger, and given you a spiritual slapping. You sighed for a sister—you are always sighing for something—and asked me to be one; well, I have apparently gone beyond the sister in decision and authority, and developed something of the acerbity of an aunt.

So you are down at Clinches. How beautiful it must be there this month. I think of it as a harmony in grey and amethyst, remembering your description of it the first time you went there; a harmony in a minor key, that captured you wholly by its tender subtleties. When I think of you inheriting such a place later on through your wife I do from my heart feel that your engagement is an excellent thing. She must indeed be happy in the knowledge that she can give you so much that is absolutely worth having. It is beautiful, beautiful to give; one of the very most beautiful things in life. I quarrel with my poverty only because I can give

so little, so seldom, and then never more than ridiculous small trumperies. To make up for them I try to give as much of myself as possible, gifts of sympathy, helpfulness, kindness. Don't laugh, but I am practising on my stepmother. It is easy to pour out love on Papa; so easy, so effortless, that I do not feel as if it could be worth much; but I have made up my mind, not without something of a grim determination that seems to have little enough to do with love, to give my stepmother as much of me, my affections, my services, as she can do with. Perhaps she won't be able to do with much. Anyhow all she wants she shall have. You know I have often wished I had been a man, able to pull on my boots and go out into the wide world without let or hindrance; but for one thing I am glad to be a woman, and that one thing is that the woman gives. It is so far less wonderful to take. The man is always taking, the woman always giving; and giving so wonderfully, in the face sometimes of dreadful disaster, of shipwreck, of death—which explains perhaps her longer persistence in clinging to the skirts of a worn-out passion; for is not the tenderer feeling on the side of the one who gave and blessed? Always, always on that side? Mixing into what was sensual some of the dear divineness of the mother-love? I think I could never grow wholly indifferent to a person to whom I had given much. He or she would not, could not, be the same to me as other people. Time would pass, and the growing number of the days blunt the first sharp edge of feeling; but the memory of what I had given would bind us together in a friendship for ever unlike any other.

I have not thanked you for the book you sent me. It was very kind indeed of you to wish me to share the pleasure you have had in reading it. But see how unfortunately contrary I am: I don't care about it. And just the passages you marked are the ones I care about least. I do not hold with markings in books. Whenever I have come across mine after a lapse of years I have marvelled at the distance travelled since I marked, and shut up the book and murmured, 'Little fool.' I can't imagine why you thought I should like this book. It has given me rather a surprised shock that you should know me so little, and that I should know you so little as to think you knew me better. Really all the explanations and pointings in the world will not show a person the exact position of his neighbour's soul. It is astonishing enough that the book was printed, but how infinitely more astonishing that people like you should admire it. What is the matter with me that I cannot

admire it? Why am I missing things that ought to give me pleasure? You do not, then, see that it is dull? I do. I see it and feel it in every bone, and it makes them ache. It is dull and bad because it is so dreary, so hopelessly dreary. Life is not like that. Life is only like that to cowards who are temporarily indisposed. I do not care to look at it through a sick creature's jaundiced eyes and shudder with him at what he sees. If he cannot see better why not keep quiet, and let us braver folk march along with our heads in the air, held so high that we cannot bother to look at every slimy creepiness that crawls across our path? And did you not notice how he keeps on telling his friends in his letters not to mind when he is dead? Unnecessary advice, one would suppose; I can more easily imagine the friends gasping with an infinite relief. Persons who are everlastingly claiming pity, sympathy, condolences, are very wearing. Surely all talk about one's death is selfish and bad? That is why, though there is so much that is lovely in them, the faint breath of corruption hanging about Christina Rossetti's poetry makes me turn my head the other way. What a constant cry it is that she wants to die, that she hopes to die, that she's going to die, shall die, can die, must die, and that nobody is to weep for her but that there are to be elaborate and moving arrangements of lilies and roses and winding-sheets. And at least in one place she gives directions as to the proper use of green grass and wet dewdrops upon her grave—implying that dewdrops are sometimes dry. I think the only decent attitude towards one's death is to be silent. Talk about it puts other people in such an awkward position. What is one to say to persons who sigh and tell us that they will no doubt soon be in heaven? One's instinct is politely to murmur, 'Oh no,' and then they are angry. 'Surely not,' also has its pitfalls. Cheery words, of the order in speech that a slap on the shoulder is in the sphere of physical expression, only seem to deepen the determined gloom. And if it is someone you love who thinks he will soon be dead and tells you so, the cruelty is very great. When death really comes, is not what the ordinary decent dier wants quiet, that he may leave himself utterly in the hands of God? There should be no massing of temporarily broken-hearted onlookers about his bed, no leave-takings and eager gatherings-up of last words, no revellings of relatives in the voluptuousness of woe, no futile exhortations, using up the last poor breaths, not to weep to persons who would consider it highly improper to leave off doing it, and no adminis-

tration of tardy blessings. Any blessings the dier has to invoke should have been invoked and done with long ago. In this last hour, at least, can one not be left alone? Do you remember Pater's strange feeling about death? Perhaps you do not, for you told me once you did not care about him. Well, it runs through his books, through all their serenity and sunlight, through exquisite descriptions of summer, of beautiful places, of heat and life and youth and all things lovely, like a musty black riband, very poor, very mean, very rotten, that yet must bind these gracious flowers of light at last together, bruising them into one piteous mass of corruption. It is all very morbid: the fair outward surface of daily life, the gay, flower-starred crust of earth, and just underneath horrible tainted things, things forlorn and pitiful, things which we who still walk on the wholesome grass must soon join, changing our life in the roomy sunshine into something infinitely dependent and helpless, something that can only dimly live if those strong friends of ours in the bright world will spare us a thought, a remembrance, a few minutes from their plenty for sitting beside us, room in their hearts for yet a little love and sorrow. 'Dead cheek by dead cheek, and the rain soaking down upon one from above. . . .' Does not that sound hopeless? After reading these things, sweet with the tainted sweetness of decay, of ruin, of the past, the gone, it is like having fresh spring water dashed over one on a languid afternoon to remember Walt Whitman's brave attitude towards 'delicate death,' 'the sacred knowledge of death,' 'lovely, soothing death,' 'cool, enfolding death,' 'strong deliveress,' 'vast and well-veiled death,' 'the body gratefully nestling close to death,' 'sane and sacred death.' That is the spirit that makes one brave and fearless, that makes one live beautifully and well, that sends one marching straight ahead with limbs that do not tremble and head held high. Is it not natural to love such writers best? Writers who fill one with glad courage and make one proud of the path one has chosen to walk in?

And yet you do not like Walt Whitman. I remember quite well my chill of disappointment when you told me so. At first, hearing it, I thought I must be wrong to like him, but thank heaven I soon got my balance again, and presently was solaced by the reflection that it was at least as likely you were wrong not to. You told me it was not poetry. That upset me for a few days, and then I found I didn't care. I couldn't argue with you on the spot and

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prove anything, because the only *esprit* I have is that tiresome *esprit d'escalier*, so brilliant when it is too late, so constant in its habit of leaving its possessor in the dreadful condition—or is it a place?—called the lurch; but, poetry or not, I knew I must always love him. You, I suppose, have cultivated your taste in regard to things of secondary importance to such a pitch of sensitiveness that unless the outer shell is flawless you cannot, for sheer intellectual discomfort, look at the wonders that often lie within. I, who have not been educated, am so filled with elementary joy when someone shows me the light in this world of many shadows that I do not stop to consider what were the words he used while my eyes followed his pointing finger. You see, I try to console myself for having an unpruned intelligence. I know I am unpruned, and that at the most you pruned people, all trim and trained from the first, do but bear with me indulgently. But I must think with the apparatus I possess, and I think at this moment that perhaps what you really most want is a prolonged dose of Walt Whitman, a close study of him for several hours every day, shut up with no other book, quite alone with him in an empty country place. Listen to this—you shall listen :

O we can wait no longer,
We too take ship, O soul;
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores on waves of ecstasy to sail,
Amid the wafting winds (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me, O soul).
Carolling free, singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration,
O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther sail!

Well, how do you feel now? Can anyone, can you, can even you read that without such a tingling in all your limbs, such a fresh rush of life and energy through your whole body that you simply must jump up and, shaking off the dreary nonsense that has been fooling you, turn your back on diseased self-questionings and run straight out to work at your salvation in the sun?

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

XXXII.

Jena, May 20.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—I am sorry you think me unsympathetic. Hard, I think, was the word ; but unsympathetic sounds prettier. Is it unsympathetic not to like fruitless, profitless, barren things ? Not to like fogs and blights and other deadening, decaying things ? From my heart I pity all the people who are so made that they cannot get on with their living for fear of their dying ; but I do not admire them. Is that being unsympathetic ? Apparently you think so. How odd. There is a little man here who hardly ever can talk to anybody without beginning about his death. He is perfectly healthy, and I suppose forty or fifty, so that there is every reasonable hope of his going on being a little man for years and years more ; but he will have it that as he has never married or, as he puts it, done anything else useful, he might just as well be dead, and then at the word Dead his eyes get just the look of absolute scaredness in them that a hare's eyes do when a dog is after it. 'If only one knew what came next,' he said last time he was here, looking at me with those foolish frightened hare's eyes.

'Nice things I should think,' said I, trying to be encouraging.

'But to those who have deserved punishment ?'

'If they have deserved it they will probably get it,' said I cheerfully. He shuddered.

'You don't look very wicked,' I went on amiably. He leads a life of sheerest bread-and-milk, so simple, so innocent, so full of little hearthrug virtues.

'But I am,' he declared angrily.

'I shouldn't think half so bad as a great many people,' said I, bent, being the hostess, on a perfect urbanity.

'Worse,' said he, more angrily.

'Oh, come now,' said I, very politely as I thought.

Then he really got into a rage, and asked me what I could possibly know about it, and I said I didn't know anything ; and still he stormed and grew more and more like a terrified hare, frightening himself by his own words ; and at last, dropping his voice, he confessed that he had one particularly deadly fear, a fear that haunted him and gave him no rest, that the wicked would not burn eternally but would freeze.

'Oh,' said I shrinking ; for it was a bitter day, and the north-east wind was thundering among the hills.

'Great cold,' he said, fixing me with his hare's eyes, 'seems to me incomparably more terrible than great heat.'

'Oh, incomparably,' I agreed, edging nearer to the stove. 'Only listen to that wind.'

'So will it howl about us through eternity,' said he.

'Oh,' I shivered.

'Piercing one's unprotected—everything about us will be unprotected then—one's unprotected marrow, and turning it to ice within us.'

'But we won't have any marrows,' said I.

'No marrows? Fräulein Rose-Marie, we shall have everything that will hurt.'

'Oh weh,' cried I, stopping up my ears.

'The thought frightens you?' said he.

'Terrifies me,' said I.

'How much more fearful, then, will be the reality.'

'Well, I'd like to—I'd like to give you some good advice,' said I, hesitating.

'Certainly; if one of your sex may with any efficacy advise one of ours.'

'Oh—efficacy,' murmured I with proper deprecation. 'But I'd like to suggest—I daren't advise, I'll just suggest—'

'Fear nothing. I am all ears and willingness to be guided,' said he, smiling with an indescribable graciousness.

'Well—don't go there.'

'Not go there?'

'And while you are here—still here, and alive, and in nice warm woolly clothes, do you know what you want?'

'What I want?'

'Very badly do you want a wife. Why not go and get one?'

His eyes at that grew more hare-like than at the thought of eternal ice. He seized his hat and scrambled to the door. He went through it hissing scorching things about *moderne Mädchen*, and from the safety of the passage I heard him call me *unverschämt*.

He hasn't been here since. I would like to go and shake him; shake him till his brains settle into their proper place, and say while I shake, 'Oh, little man, little man, come out of the fog! Why do you choose to die a thousand deaths rather than only one?'

Is that being unsympathetic? I think it is being quite kind.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

What I really meant to write to you about to-day was to tell you that I read your learned and technical and I am sure admirable denouncements of Walt Whitman with the respectful attention due to so much earnestness; and when I had done, and wondered awhile pleasantly at the amount of time for letter-writing the Foreign Office allows its young men, I stretched myself, and got my hat, and went down to the river; and I sat at the water's edge in the middle of a great many buttercups; and there was a little wind; and the little wind knocked the heads of the buttercups together; and it seemed to amuse them, or else something else did, for I do assure you I thought I heard them laugh.

XXXIII.

Jena, May 27.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—You asked me about your successor in our house, and inquire why I have never mentioned him. Why should I mention him? Must I mention everything? I suppose I forgot him. His name is Collins, and some days he wears a pink shirt, and other days a blue shirt, and in his right cuff there is a pink silk handkerchief on the pink days, and a blue silk handkerchief on the blue days; and he has stuck up the pictures he likes to have about him on the walls of his room, and where your Luini used to be there is a young lady in a voluminous hat and short skirts, and where your Bellini Madonna sat and looked at you with austere, beautiful eyes there is the winner, complete with jockey, of last year's Derby.

'I made a pot of money over that,' said Mr. Collins to me the day he pinned it up and came to ask me for the pin.

'Did you?' said I.

But I think I am tired just now of Luinis and Bellinis and of the sort of spirit in a young man that clothes the walls of his room with them, each in some elaborately simple frame, and am not at all sure that the frank fleshliness of a Collins does not please me best. You see, one longs so much sometimes to get down to the soil, down to plain instincts, to rude nature, to, if you like, elemental savagery.

But I'll go on with Mr. Collins; you shall have a dose of him while I am about it. He has bought a canoe, and has won the cup for swimming, wresting it from the reluctant hands of the discomfited Jena young men. He paddles up to the weir, gets out, picks up his canoe, carries it round to the other side, gets in, and vanishes

in the windings of the water and the folds of the hills, leaving the girls in the tennis-courts—you remember the courts are opposite the weir—uncertain whether to titter or to blush, for he wears I suppose the fewest clothes that it is possible to wear and still be called dressed, and no stockings at all.

‘*Nein, dieser Engländer!*’ gasp the girls, turning down decent eyes.

‘*Höllisch practisch,*’ declare the young men, got up in as near an imitation of the flannels you used to wear that they can reach, even their hats bound about with a ribbon startlingly like your Oxford half blue; and before the summer is over I dare say they will all be playing tennis in the Collins canoe costume, stockingless, sleeveless, supposing it to be the latest *cri* in get-ups for each and every form of sport.

Professor Martens didn’t care about teaching Mr. Collins, and insisted on handing him over to Papa. Papa doesn’t care about teaching him, either, and says he is a *dummer Bengel* who pronounces Goethe as though it rhymed with dirty, and who the first time our great poet was mentioned vacantly asked, with every indication of a wandering mind, if he wasn’t the joker who wrote the play for Irving with all the devils in it. Papa was so angry that he began a letter to Collins *père* telling him to remove his son to a city where there are fewer muses; but Collins *père* is a person who makes nails in Manchester with immense skill and application and is terrifyingly rich, and my stepmother’s attitude towards the terrifyingly rich is one of large forgiveness; so she tore up Papa’s letter just where it had got to the words *erbärmlicher Esel*, said he was a very decent boy, that he should stay as long as he wanted to, but that, since he seemed to be troublesome about learning, Papa must write and demand a higher scale of payment. Papa wouldn’t; my stepmother did; and behold Joey—his Christian name is Joey—more lucrative to us by, I believe, just double than anyone we have had yet.

‘I say,’ said Joey to me this morning, ‘come over to England some day, and I’ll romp you down to Epsom.’

‘Divine,’ said I, turning up my eyes.

‘We’d have a rippin’ time.’

‘Rather.’

‘I’d romp you down in the old man’s motor.’

‘Not really?’

‘We’d be there before you could flutter an eyelash.’

'Are you serious?'

'Ain't I, though. It's a thirty-horse——'

'Can't you get them in London?'

'Get 'em in London? Get what in London?'

'Must one go every time all the way to Epsom?'

Joey ceased from speech and began to stare.

'Are we not talking about salts?' I inquired hastily, feeling that one of us was off the track.

'Salts?' echoed Joey, his mouth hanging open.

'You mentioned Epsom, surely?'

'Salts?'

'You did say Epsom, didn't you?'

'Salts?'

'Salts,' said I, becoming very distinct in the presence of what looked like deliberate wilfulness.

'What's it got to do with salts?' asked Joey, his underlip of a measureless vacancy.

'Hasn't it got everything?'

'Look here, what are you drivin' at? Is it goin' to be a game?'

'Certainly not. It's Sunday. Did you never hear of Epsom salts?'

'Oh—ah—I see—Eno, and all that. Castor oil. Rhubarb and magnesia. Well, I'll forgive you as you're only German. Pretty weird, what bits of information you get hold of. Never the right bits, somehow. I'll tell you what, Miss Schmidt——'

'Oh, do.'

'Do what?'

'Tell me what.'

'Well, ain't I goin' to? You all seem to know everything in this house that's not worth knowin', and not a blessed thing that is.'

'Do you include Goethe?'

'Confound Gerty,' said Joey.

Such are my conversations with Joey. Is there anything more you want to know?

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

(To be continued.)

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